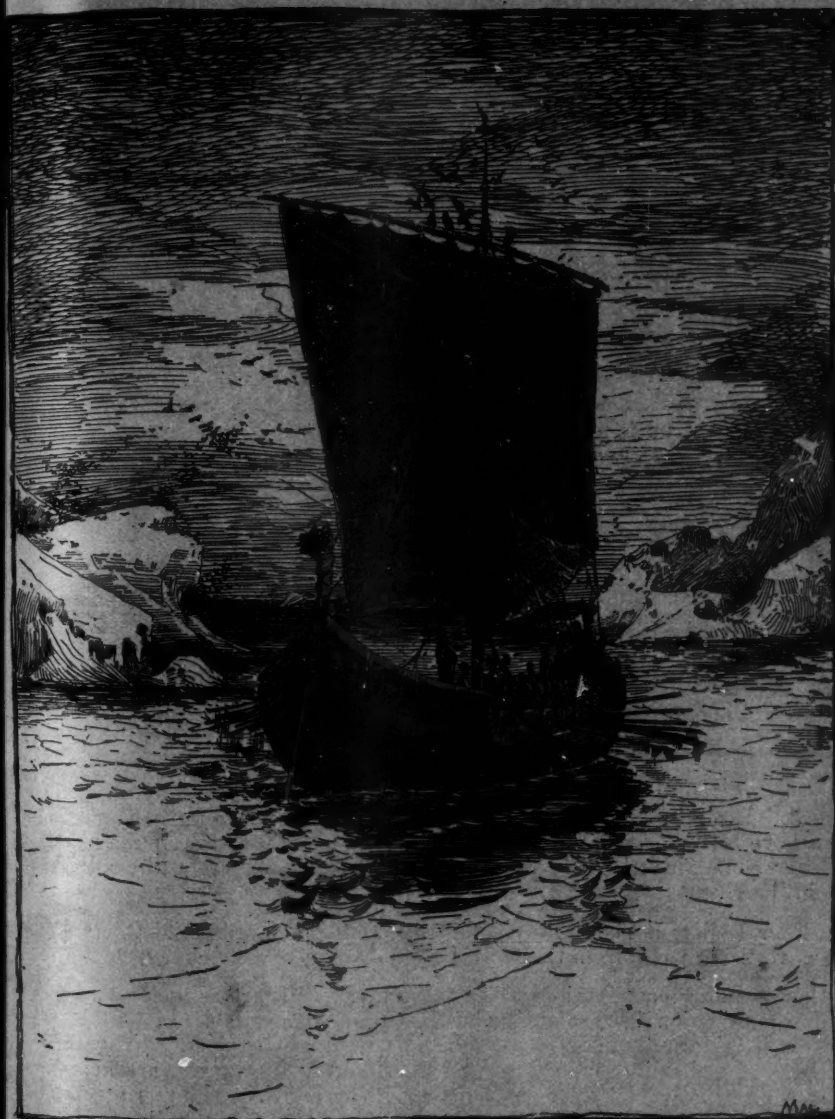


VOL VI

*Dr. Donance.*  
TEN-CENTS-A-COPY.

No 126

# THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE



CONDUCTED  
BY ALBION  
W. TOURGÉE

July 9, 1884.

Leading Features.

"TWO MILE STONES"

Poem. Illustrated  
by Will H. Low.

"ON A MARGIN." The  
Story of a Hopeless  
Patriot.

JUDGE TOURGÉE on  
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BY

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM



*I know how far it is  
'Twixt misery and bliss—  
Speaking as mortals may.*

*'Tis just a mile, I wis,  
From yon gray stone to this.*

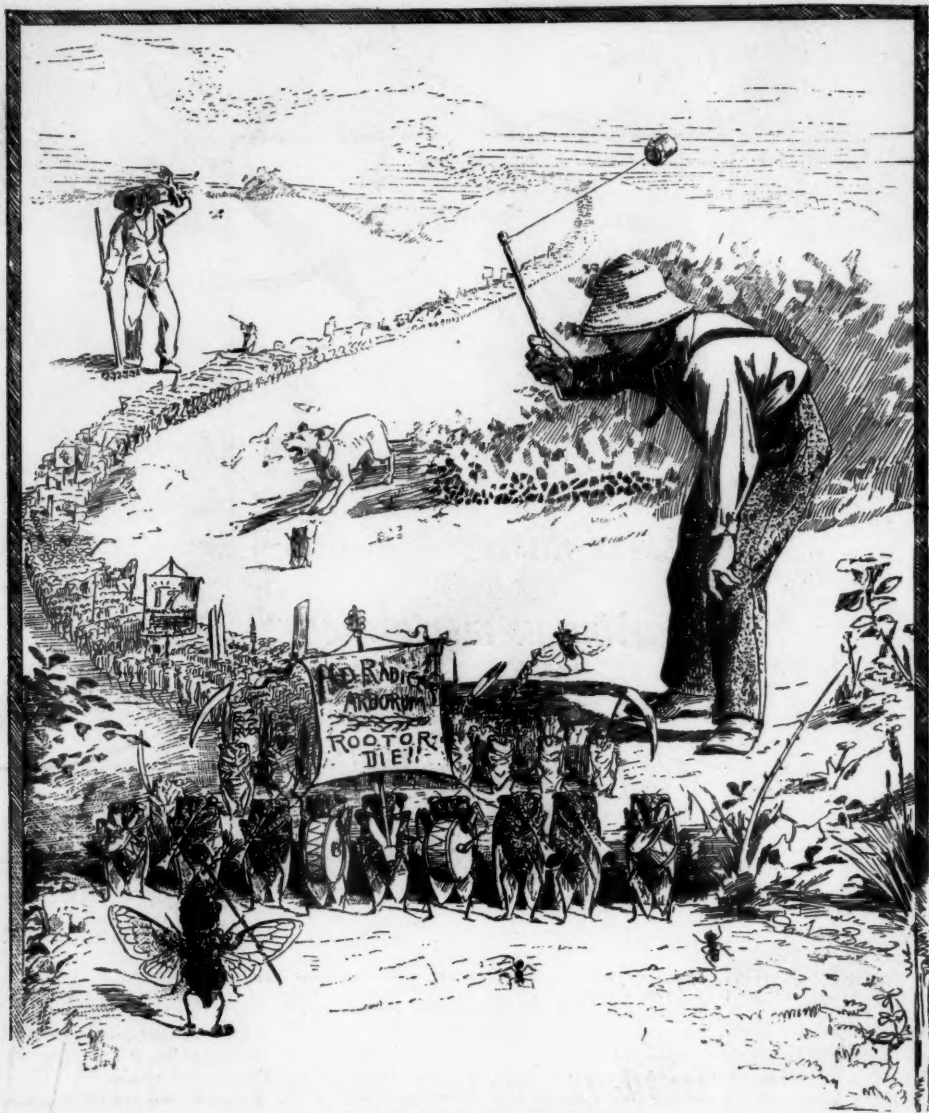
*For there she said me Nay;  
But here she gave the kiss,  
And whispered, Yea.*





# TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.



THE MUSIC OF BOYHOOD—A REMINISCENCE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MUSIC-MAKING INSECTS.

THE instruments by which the male cricket produces the sounds which have given such celebrity to this insect, form a part of the wing-covers. The base or horizontal and overlapping portion of these organs near the thorax is convex, and marked with large, strong, and irregularly curved veins. These veins run through the middle portion of the wing. When the

cricket chirrup or shrill he raises the wing-covers a little and shuffles them together lengthwise, so that the projecting veins of one are made to grate against those of another. If we seek an analogy for this action among musical instruments we must select the violin, whose sounds are produced by the rubbing of the bow against the strings, or the banjo, harp and guitar, whose sounds are evoked by striking the fingers upon the strings. In fact it is quite as much like a file or a watchman's rattle.



"Do all insects make their music in the same way?" asked Abby.

"The sound-producing organs are constructed on the same general principle, but there is much difference in details. In the katydid for example, the musical instruments are a pair of taborets. Most of you are quite familiar with the note of this insect, which is one of the

"The taborets are formed by a thin and transparent membrane, stretched in a strong, half oval frame in the triangular overlapping portion of each wing-cover. When the male wishes to sound his call, he opens and shuts the wing-covers so that the frames of the taborets rub rapidly and violently against each other. The mechanism of the taborets and the concavity of the

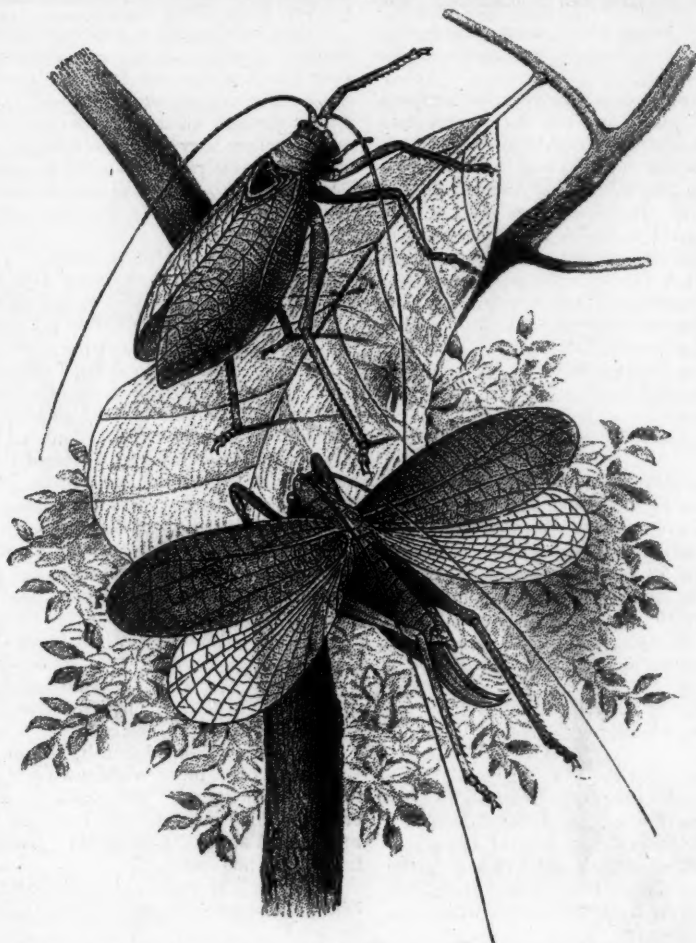


FIG. 2.—KATYDIDS: MALE (UPPER FIGURE) AND FEMALE. NATURAL SIZE. FROM NATURE.

best known sounds of our autumn evenings. The appearance of the insect is less familiar. Here it is. (Fig. 2). This is a large insect, measuring from the head to the ends of the wing-covers more than an inch and a half; the body is an inch long, is of a pale green color, the wing-cover and wings being somewhat darker. Its thorax is rough like shagreen, and has somewhat the form of a saddle, being curved downward on each side, and rounded and slightly elevated behind. The wings are rather shorter than the wing-covers, and the latter are very large, oval and concave, and inclose the body within their concavity, meeting at their edges above and below, something like the two sides or valves of a pea-pod. The veins are large, very distinct, and netted like those of some leaves. There is one vein of larger size running along the middle of each wing-cover resembling the mid-rib of a leaf.

wing-covers reverberate and increase the sound to such a degree that it may be heard in the stillness of the night at the distance of a quarter of a mile.

"The music of the katydid is certainly remarkable considering how it is produced. It consists of two or three distinct notes, almost exactly resembling articulated sounds. These correspond to the rapidity with which the wing-covers are shifted across each other, and the note produced is very well expressed in the popular name of the insect."

"Are the katydids nocturnal insects like the cricket?" asked Abby.

"Yes; during the daytime they are silent, and conceal themselves among the leaves of trees; but at the approach of twilight they quit their lurking-places and mount to the tops of the trees in which they live. Then the males begin the tell-tale call with which they

enliven their silent mates. The noisy babble breaks forth from neighboring trees, until all the groves at last resound with the rival notes of 'Katy-did it, katydid!' The amorous concert continues the live-long night, and at the break of day the serenaders creep back to their leafy covert."

"What is the scientific name of the katydid?" asked the doctor.

"It is somewhat formidable—*Platyphylum perspicillatum*; but the generic name, which means *broad-wing*, is quite expressive, as you may see by a glance at the insect.

"The story of katydid's development is but a repetition of the cricket's. It is found in the perfect state during the months of September and October, at which time the female lays her eggs. These are about an eighth of an inch in length, and resemble tiny, oval, bivalve shells in shape. The insect lays them in two contiguous rows along the surface of a twig, the bark of which has been previously shaved off or made rough with her piercer. Each row consists of eight or nine eggs, placed somewhat obliquely and overlapping each other a little, and they are fastened to the twig with a gummy substance. In hatching, the egg splits open at one end and the young insect creeps through the cleft. Its history after that, as I have said, quite resembles that of other Orthoptera."

"Are the katydids and crickets injurious to vegetation?" asked Penn.

"The katydids do little harm; but crickets when they abound do much injury, eating the most tender parts of plants, and even devouring roots and fruits when they can get at them. Melons, squashes and potatoes are often eaten by them, and the quantity of grass that they destroy must be great, judging by the immense numbers which are sometimes seen in our meadows and fields. They are not strict vegetarians, however, but devour other insects when they can overpower them."

"Are not crickets, like katydids, named from the character of the note which they sound?" inquired Abby.

"Undoubtedly," answered the Doctor; "and it is a curious fact, and one quite suggestive as to the natural origin of a certain class of words, that the note of this insect has suggested its name in several other languages. The French *cri-cri*, the Dutch *krekel*, the Welsh *cricell* and *cricella*, are, like the English *cricket*, evidently derived from the *creak*-ing sounds which the insect makes."

"Speaking of this community of ideas among various nations reminds me," I said, "of an odd trick at which I saw Harry and one of his little friends engaged a few evenings ago while crossing the Brook Meadow. They were fishing for crickets—"

"Fishing!" exclaimed the Mistress. "Didn't you tell us that they and other Orthoptera were not at all adapted to the water, which they shun?"

"True; and I am glad that the lesson is so well remembered. The boys' fishing was confined to the earth-holes in which the crickets live. They had ants and flies fastened to a long straw, which they thrust down the hole. The cricket is a combative as well as a musical animal, and can often be brought out of his den simply by intruding the naked straw; but bait proves an additional attraction."

"Now, the point worth noting about this is that the French children amuse themselves by the same method of capturing crickets. Indeed, the fact has given rise to a proverb quite common in France, *il est sot comme un*

*grillon*—he is silly as a cricket! More than that, as early as the days of Pliny a similar practice was in vogue, for that author tells us that the manner of hunting and catching these insects was to tie a fly at the end of a long hair and let it down into the cricket's hole, first taking the precaution to blow away any dust that might prove a refuge for the bait. The cricket spies the fly, seizes and clasps it around, and so they are both drawn forth together."

"That is certainly a curious coincidence," said the Doctor. "And it is a most interesting point to consider whether this and such like tricks and games of children have been preserved and distributed by tradition, through all these years, and among the various peoples where they obtain, or whether they have sprung up spontaneously in the youthful minds of various nations and ages. In either case we have a fact looking towards the common origin and unity of the human race."

"Don't forget, Mr. Mayfield," suggested Hugh, "that little question between Dan and Sarah as to whether crickets bring good or bad luck."

"Thanks for the suggestion; I have not forgotten it. But as this subject is rather more in the line of Dr. Goodman's studies than mine, I took the liberty of referring it to him. Are you ready to respond, Doctor?"

"To be quite candid," he answered, "I have not been able to do very much, although I know there must be a great deal of material scattered through literature, if one could only lay hands on it. However, I have brought a few notes. Gilbert White, in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' an old-fashioned but to me still delightful book, speaks of crickets thus: 'They are the housewife's barometer, foretelling her when it will rain, and are prognostics sometimes, she thinks, of ill or good luck, of the death of a near relative, or the approach of an absent lover. By being the constant companion of her solitary hours they naturally become the objects of her superstition.' This appears to decide the controversy in favor of both parties, a highly satisfactory decision."

"There," exclaimed Sarah, whose interest in this point had once more withdrawn her from the shadow of her kitchen door, "didn't I tell you so, Dan? The cricket's chirp is a sign uv ill luck—the death uv a near relation. I knowed I 'uz right!" And she returned in triumph to her seat.

"Hol' on, Sary Ann!" said Dan, "dat's no fa'r! Didn't dat aufer 'low dat de cricket brot good luck, too, Doctor?"

"Yes, he certainly does; and here's more on your side of the question, Dan. Milton, in his 'Il Penseroso,' chose for his contemplative pleasures a spot where crickets resorted, and he speaks of that insect's note as the one token of merriment in the place:

'Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth.'

"Is that the origin of the popular phrase 'Cricket on the hearth'?" asked Abby.

"Really I do not know; but it is the source from which it is generally quoted. In the same strain, and more decidedly, the poet Cowper writes, in his 'Address to a Cricket,' chirping on his kitchen hearth:

"Wheresoe'er be thine abode  
Always harbinger of good."

"The best-known allusion is found in recent literature. Most readers of Charles Dickens will remember

how he embodies the popular superstition in his little tale 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' When the carrier's young wife hears the familiar note in the chimney-place, she exclaims: 'It's sure to bring us good fortune, John! It always has been so. To have a cricket on the hearth is the luckiest thing in the world!' That seems to be the most prevalent superstition. I also find reference to the peculiar form of the superstition which Hugh Bond remembers. Sir William Jardine alludes to it in *The Mirror* as common in Dumfriesshire. These are the most interesting points which I have been able to note."

"Sary Ann!" exclaimed Dan, wheeling his cricket around, and gazing into the kitchen shadows, "Sary Ann, did yo heah dat?"

There was no reply.

"Sary Ann," persisted the old man, "Is yo' done loss yo' tongue? W'y doan yo' speak up, den? Hi! *Didn't I tole yo' so?*"

But there was no response. Sarah had appropriated her portion of the decision, and was too well satisfied to review the case. Well, she is not alone in this attitude: Why should a man care to hear more testimony, or to have more light, when his opinion has once been reasonably well confirmed?

Dan, unable to evoke any response from the oracle of the kitchen, turned back to his place, made a significant gesture upward with his eyes and hands, and chuckled softly to himself.

"Are there any superstitions associated with the katydid?" asked the Mistress.

"I am afraid that I must refer that question to Dan," I answered, laughing. "The only items in that line which I ever heard or saw, I received from him. Come, Dan, here's a good chance to air your ghostly learning. Tell us what you know about katydids."

Dan was never known to deny himself a good opportunity to talk, and readily assented; but he felt bound to free himself from what he considered an imputation of illicit knowledge.

"De good Lor' forbid, Mars Mayfiel'," he began, "dat I should have anything to do wid ghos'es. I nebber seed a ghos', bress de Lor'! I's heern tell uv folks as ud done got dey knowledge from de ebil sperits; but, sah, I nebber eat ob dat forbidden fruit. No, sah, nebba!"

He placed his hands on his knees, sat bolt upright, and uttered the last words with great emphasis, and a comical show of dignity.

"All the larnin' I has 'boot dese tings I done larned from ole Marylan' and Virginy folks. I come up hyar w'en I wuz a pickaninny; but I went back to de ole state, and lived dar five year. Dat's whar I larned about sich tings; not from ghostesses, fore goodness, Mars Mayfiel! Aboot dem katydids, 'tain't much et I know, but dis is hit: If a katydid comes inter de house, dat's a sign, dey say, et a visitor'll soon come widout bein' 'spected. Ef it sings in de house, dat's a sign some ob de family'll be shore to hab de gif' ob music, like de banjo or pianner, ur dat like.

"Den, dar wuz a cur'us story 'boot two sisters wat fell bof in lub wid one man. I doan' tink dis happen

in ole Marylan', but in some kentry ober de sea; I reckon. De gemmen's name wuz Osca', an' de ladies' wuz Blanche an' Kate. Ob course, no man can lub two mars'rs, as de Scriptor says, en it stans to reason he can't lub two misses, nudder. So Osca' falls in lub wid Blanche, an' Kate she gits soured, an' falls to hatin' her ole lubber. All ob a sudden Osca' done lay down an' died; an' seein' dat, Blanche she goes clar crazy, fur she lubbed him powerful, an' raved an' raved. Dar wuz a great 'mystery' 'boot de whole affah. Nobudy know'd anythin' 'boot it but Missy Kate. She know'd mighty well, fur she'd a-killed Osca' herseff!

"In dem fur-away times dey wahnt no true 'ligion as dey is now-adays, an' so de peopie ob dat kentry dey had a god w'at dey calls Jup'ter. Now, Jup'ter he sees how tings was a-goin', en he done tuk de sperit ob young Osca', wat Kate had a-murdered; an' wat does

he do but turn it inter a katydid? An' he sots 'im up on de tree-tops war Miss Kate wuz a-walkin' wid some folks. Jes' den dey wur a-talkin' 'boot how sudden like de young man ud died; an' some un 'lowed he reckoned Osca' mought've bin pizened.

"Who could a done it?" he says, awful solemn like. And nobody answered; 'kase, yo' see, dar wahnt no 'spicions ob foul play 'gin Miss Kate in de least. Jes' den, in de mids' ob dat solemn silence, de new insecck—dat's de sperit ob Osca', yo' know—cried out from de tree-top, sharp, en loud, en sudden: '*Katy did it! Katy did! she did!*' An' dat's de way dat mudda wuz a-found out, an' dat's how ebry wicked deed hab a voice cryin' out somewhar agin it. Dar's no use in talkin', mudda will out. Dat's all I know, ladies and gemmen', boot de Katydid."

"What became of Miss Kate?" asked Harry, with



FIG. 3.—CICADA, FEMALE AND MALE (UPPER FIGURES.) LOCUST (LOWER FIGURES), GEDIPODA CAROLINA. FROM NATURE.



a child's natural yearning to hear the end of a story.

"Bress yo' heart, honey, dat story stopped jes' a-dar. I nebber heerd no end to it at all. But as Miss Kate wur a white lady, I reckon nothin' wuz ebber done about it; 'less dey woted her non compus, an' shet her up awile. But ef she'd a-been a cullud pusson, I reckon yo' mout a-guessed dey'd a-made short work ob her."

"Well, Dan," said the Schoolma'am, "that is a very interesting romance, certainly, and it carries an admirable moral. May I ask if these notions are held entirely by your own color in Maryland, or do the whites also hold them?"

"De cullud folks, Miss Abby," answered Dan, "hes many cur'us notions, dat's a fac, 'boot insecks, en aligators, en rabbits, en bars, en all sorts o' beastis. Some ob dem, I reckon, come frum dey native kentry, whar de sperits hes moh' to do wid sech critters, I s'pose, dan ober hyar in dis Christian lan'. But den de white people has some ob dem berry sayins, too. Hit's not all jes' niggah larnin, Miss Abby, no how."

It was now time, I thought, to bring back our conversation to the sphere of Natural History. Taking another insect box from the table, I opened it and began:

"Here are specimens of the most famous of all the music-making insects—the Harvest-fly, or Cicada. Look at them, Hugh, and then hand the box to your neighbor." (Fig. 3, upper figures.)

Hugh glanced at the pinned specimens, and at once exclaimed: "W'y, sir, these haint harvest flies—they're locusts."

"Are you quite sure, Hugh?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I've seen thousands uv 'em—the seventeen-year locust. An' ther's another kind thet comes every year, or mebbe they're only sort o' stragglers. But I know 'em well, sir."

Several of the company were quite as positive as Hugh in their identification of the insect, and for a moment I found my entomological reputation in peril.

"Well," I resumed, "having sufficiently enlisted your attention, I may assure you that you are both right and wrong. You are right, according to the popular name of the insect, but utterly and grossly wrong as to the true title. There is about as much likeness between this creature and a locust as between a horse and a cow. There are few American entomologists who have not often been compelled to explain the wide and fundamental difference between these so-called "locusts" of the United States and the "true locusts" of Holy Scripture and our Far West. The latter (Fig. 3, below) really do often "eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field," as they did in the days of the plagues of Egypt; while the former having no jaws to eat with, and only a beak to suck sap with are physically incapable of eating anything at all. The two kinds of insects do not even belong to the same order, or to the same grand group of orders. The former are "Suckers" (*Homoptera*); the latter are "Biters" (*Mandibulata*). The former belong to the order Homoptera, the latter to the order Orthoptera. The former have their front wings glassy and transparent; the latter have them more or less leathery and opaque. The former have a mere apology for antennæ, which the general observer would entirely overlook; the latter have quite conspicuous and rather long antennæ. In short, what people call "locusts" in America are called "Cicadas," or "Harvest-flies," in Europe; and what in the Old World are known as

"locusts" are called "grasshoppers" in the United States. This popular error has been the cause of much confusion, and is greatly to be regretted; but one almost despairs of correcting the absurd blunder, at least in this generation.

"We have three or four species of Cicada in our country; two of these appear annually: a small spring Cicada (*Cicada rimosa*), which begins to be heard a little before the middle of June; and the large autumnal species (*Cicada pruinosa*), which is probably the best known of all. Then we have two periodical species: that remarkable and famous insect the so-called seventeen-year locust (*Cicada septendecim*), and its close ally, the thirteen-year Cicada (*Cicada tredecim*). Few animals have so remarkable a history as the two last named, but before we consider that, let us look at their musical organs, and compare them with those of the cricket and katydid.

"The males alone are musical, and their well-known rattling buzz is a love-call to their silent mates. The instruments by which the sounds are produced are a pair of kettle-drums, as they may be called, situated one on each side of the body. These can be plainly seen here just behind the wings. These drums are formed of convex pieces of parchment-like membrane, gathered into numerous fine plaits, and are lodged in cavities on the sides of the bodies behind the thorax. They are not played upon with sticks, of course, but by muscles or cords fastened to the inside of the drums. When these muscles contract and relax, which they do with great rapidity, the drum-heads are alternately tightened and loosened, recovering their natural convexity by their own elasticity. Our Cicada may, therefore, be called a drummer."

"But Mr. Mayfield," interrupted Harry, "a drum-head don't tighten and loosen in that way. You tighten it up, and keep it tight, or it wouldn't drum at all."

"Of course, Harry," I replied, "we can only speak in figures when we compare the sound-producing organs of insects to musical instruments of any sort. All I mean is that the principle upon which the Cicada's note is produced is like that upon which sounds are brought out of a drum-head. Let us see if this is not so. Here is a sheet of tin which I have laid upon the table to illustrate my point. It is not flat, but is bent into little rolls and hollows. I put my finger upon one of the elevated parts, and push it down, and remove my finger, so. It makes a loud, rattling noise. I repeat the motion rapidly a number of times, and you hear a succession of these sounds."

"Certainly they are distinct enough, but they can hardly be called musical," remarked the Mistress, laughing, as the loud clatter of the tin sheet resounded through the room.

"True enough; but is a kettle-drum any more so?" queried Aunt Hannah.

"I am not so much concerned about the æsthetical part of my illustration," I replied, "as the practical. Now, Harry, observe, when the drumstick falls upon the tight drum-head, it pushes it down just as my finger did the tin sheet; when it is lifted the drum-head springs up again, and that motion produces a sound not unlike that which I have just made. As the skin out of which the drum-head is made is stretched over a hollow cylinder, or 'barrel,' the vibrations of the air are greatly increased, and so also is the intensity of the sound. Do you understand that, Harry?"

"I think I do, sir," said the boy.

"Very well; it is quite in this way that the Cicada's

note is produced. These convex membranes or drums of which I spoke are the drum-heads. But where are the 'barrels' over which they are stretched? Here they are. There are certain cavities within the body of the insect which may be seen on raising two large valves beneath the belly, and which are separated from each other by thin partitions having the transparency and brilliancy of thin and highly polished glass. In most of our species of Cicada the drums are not visible on the outside of the body, but are covered by convex triangular pieces on each side of the first ring behind the thorax, which must be cut away in order to expose them. Now, if we raise the large valves, of which I spoke, there is seen close to each side of the body the little opening like a pocket in which the drum is lodged, and from which the sound issues when the insect opens the valve."

"Sir," said Harry, "you have shown us the drum-head and the drum-barrel, but where are the drum-sticks?"

"You forget; I have already spoken of them. They are the muscles or cords fastened to the inside of the drums, by which the heads are made to rapidly tighten and loosen. Unfortunately, I cannot show you these without better optical aids than we have here; but you must take their existence on faith or authority, as one has to do very many things in Natural History. The effect of the rapid alternate tension and relaxation of these drum-stick muscles and the membrane attached to them, is the production of the rattling buzz, which constitutes the familiar music of the cicada. And now that I have given my illustration, I shall ask Harry to give one which he has prepared at my request."

Harry blushed and hesitated, but finally took from his pocket an instrument with which my own boyhood had been quite familiar. It was a little hollow tube of tin, over which a stiff piece of writing-paper was stretched and securely fastened. This Harry called the "buzzer." Through two holes in the paper was drawn a horse-hair, which at the other end was looped around a stick.

Harry took his stand in the middle of the room, touched the tip of the stick to his lips, and then rapidly whirled the implement through the air. The hair straightened out, the buzzer revolved, the loop tightened upon and moved around the stick, and amidst the laughter and plaudits of our company; the room was filled with a shrill, quivering, rattling noise:

"Cr-reek! Cr-r-eeek! cryee-ee-ee-e-o-ick-i-i-i-i-ii-ee-ee-ek!"

The sound thus produced was an admirable imitation of the cicada's note, and Harry's illustration was warmly applauded as a great success.

"Now," said Abby, "you must explain for us the philosophy of Harry's toy. How does it make this noise?"

"The principle is a very simple one. The horse-hair loop rasps against the stick as it is twirled around, the vibrations thus produced are carried along the hair to the stiff paper, which acts as a sounding-board to them. The tube or little box serves as a resonator, to increase the intensity of the tone. The notes, of course, are varied according to the velocity of the 'buzzer.' The toy may be made with a spool, the hole through which is sufficient to make a good resonator."

The Doctor had followed Harry's movements with unusual interest. There was a pleasant, very pleasant smile upon his lips, and as he gazed into the embers of the hickory-wood fire there was a far-away cast in the eyes. He drummed upon the table with his fingers in an abstracted way, and at last exclaimed:

"Well, well, well! I had dreamed myself quite into boyhood once more. The old log schoolhouse seemed to be rising there out of the ashes, and I could fancy myself standing among the playmates and companions of three-score years ago—alas! few of them remain now in the flesh!—whirling my toy 'locust,' and watching the hosts of insects creep out of the ground and emerge from the cracked shells which we gathered in handfulls from the trees, among whose branches noisy males were rolling their rattling drums! Sixty years! Has it been so long ago? How vividly this little toy's familiar music has revived the memories of those days. Ah!—But excuse me, friends, for obtruding these recollections upon you. Really, I was carried away for the moment!"

He bowed several times in a gentle and deprecating way toward the circle, but amid the radiance that glowed upon his face, I could see two round tears twinkling through his eyelids. Dear good man! Alas, he, too, since then, has joined the playmates of those early days in

"The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TO A ROSE PLACED ANONYMOUSLY ON MY DOOR-SILL.

STAY not shyly by the door, Rose;  
Why afraid to enter here?  
Next thy mistress coy that sent thee  
I shall ever hold thee dear  
For thy fragrance will remind me  
Of that sweet, though unknown, fair  
As in fancy I am toying  
With the tresses of her hair.  
I will kiss thy pouting lips, too,  
(Though like hers they cannot speak)  
For their daintiness, I ween, is  
Borrowed bloom from off her cheek.  
Till thy mistress comes to claim thee  
O, enticing little flower,

Thou shalt live with me, my sweetest,  
Nor return thee to her bower.  
Try not, love, to hide thy blushes  
As I hold thee to my breast,  
I will woo thee and caress thee,  
Rest thou here within my nest.  
Open wide thy tender petals,  
And absorb my burning heart.  
Hast thou thorn upon thy stem, Rose?  
Use it, then, for Cupid's dart,  
And the lifeblood from my wound shall  
Permeate thy every fold.  
Ardent rapture shall entwine us,  
Ours a life of love untold!

ALBERT GRAY.

## A COLONIAL EPISODE.

BY LEILA WEBSTER.

WOODCLIFF, April 5, 1775.

MY DEAREST CECILIA—You will forgive me for letting so many days slip by since my landing, for I have been so weary from my long journey, and my time has been so fully occupied in settling myself in my new home, this is really the first opportunity I have had to tell you of my safe arrival. You know not how it constrains me to talk to you with a pen; you who have shared every thought and feeling of my mind and heart for the last four years. Would that I might fly over the sea to your side and say with my lips what now I must trust to the cold medium of paper! You bade me tell you everything that happened on the voyage, but truly naught occurred of interest except the meeting of one of my father's ships bound for England, by which I was able to send you a few words. The voyage was exceedingly tedious. Day after day I sat and thought of you and all the dear household at Hurst, brooding over the thought that in all probability I should never see you again, or at least not until we are prim old dowagers. What a doleful thought! Even the anticipation of meeting my parents once more was clouded by the fear that they were alienated from all those ties and interests which I was sent away from them to form. Captain and Mrs. Stevenson were most kind, but I did so long for you. If it had not been such troublous times in the Colonies I feel sure I could have persuaded my uncle to permit you to accompany me. From what I have seen thus far I cannot believe that there will really be war; but I will speak of that later, and now tell you of my landing.

After we came in sight of land, life was not so monotonous, and when we could actually see the bay of Newport my excitement grew so intense that good little Mrs. Stevenson was fairly shocked, and hovered about me like a mother hen who has a young hawk to care for instead of a proper young chick. She gave me many admonitions concerning decorum, and said: "Pray calm yourself, my dear young lady; remember your father will expect you to bear yourself with that perfect repose which betokens good breeding!" I listened with outward respect but with much inward amusement; for considering the awe and respect in which I hold my father, I had no fear that I should fail in decorum, but rather that I should be so stiff and awkward, he would imagine I was still the uncouth girl he sent away. I could hardly believe this was the same port, so many new wharves and warehouses have sprung out into the water. The bay itself was full of life. Large merchant ships, some just arriving as were we, others turning their prows seaward, moved over the water in majestic dignity, while hovering around them and flying hither and you, like a flock of sea gulls, were numberless small craft. At last we were made fast to my father's wharf, and in a few moments I saw his well remembered form on deck. I cannot tell you whether I behaved properly or not, for I forgot everything when I found his arms around me! Ah! Cecilia, he is a father to be proud of, so handsome and dignified! Old Cato and Tom were close by the gangway and showed so much pleasure at seeing me again I could hardly repress my tears. It seemed strange, indeed, to pass by the old house at the top of the wharf (which is now

turned into counting house and private office,) and to take the road through the town. I was full of lively interest in the new house my father has built, and I asked him many questions concerning it which he answered most kindly. Cato and Tom had a sedan chair for me, and my father rode Star by my side. But soon the mettlesome steed becoming restless at our slow pace, my father galloped ahead to prepare my mother for my coming. I minded it not, for it gave me time to renew my acquaintance with the old street which had not become unfamiliar. We met many Quakers, and I have learned that the town holds a large number of them now. They are quiet and peaceable folk, but naturally keep much aloof from other people. After my father left me I had a little adventure, of which I must tell you. My chair suddenly stopped and before my window appeared a young man looking for all the world like a London gallant, who uncovered his head and said:

"Madam, allow an old friend to bid you welcome home."

I was totally at a loss as to whom he could be, and stared at him blankly. Before I could collect my wits, he spoke again with a smile:

"I see that I am forgotten; but let me hope the name Keith de Berrian will recall some one to your memory."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, laughing, and extending my hand. "I fancy I do remember that name, but he was a boy, and the change from a boy to a man is very great, you must reflect."

"True, madam, but not greater than the change from the girl to the woman. Still I have not forgotten you."

"You honor me," I said. "But I shall regret that you remember your old playmate if it is but to reproach her."

"I do not reproach you," he replied, "for four years in England could not fail to drive your American home and friends from your heart."

"There you are mistaken, sir; my old friends are not forgotten, but I remember them as they were, and must crave pardon if taken by surprise when one appears so changed as do you. And, sir, can you say that the sight of Cato and Tom did not help your remembrance of me?"

"Ah, I see, madam, that the woman has brought back the ready tongue that the girl took away with her! But pardon me for my reproach and this detention, both of which you must ascribe to my memory of our old friendship."

"The detention can be easily forgiven," I answered, "for a welcome home is always pleasant to hear."

He thanked me, and then said that, hoping it would please me to renew our old acquaintance, he should shortly present himself at my father's house. Evidently he felt very sure of my permission, for without waiting for a reply, he raised my hand to his lips and was gone. You will remember what I told you of Keith de Berrian, how constantly he was with my dear brother and myself when we were children. He always said then just what he thought of people, and I imagine does so yet. But what a surprise to find an elegant



gentleman where I should have looked for a colonial tradesman.

And now I began to look for the gateway of our new house, thinking instinct would tell me when we reached it, but really the one into which we did turn was so imposing, I should not have imagined it could be ours. My father has been much prospered in his affairs, and our home is really beautiful. We wound around the drive-way through a grove of noble trees, and then emerged upon a lawn which rejoiced my heart, it looked so like England. Then I caught my first glimpse of our new mansion. It stands on a knoll which is reached by a fine flight of steps, and there stood my mother ready to receive me. Before my chair was fairly stationary I was out and in her arms, and as she clasped me to her heart and her tears fell on my face, I wondered that I could have been contented to be separated from her for so long a time. Indeed I am glad to be at home, and I feel so ashamed when I think of my last night in England, and of how I bemoaned the fate that was to take me to the wilds of America, and declared that it was like being buried alive. It was so ungrateful to my parents who have no other child. As we suspected, my father summoned me home fearing that there is to be trouble between the colonies and the mother country. I cannot believe there will be a general rebellion. It is true that the Province of Massachusetts is very bold and independent, and that many of the other colonies sympathize with her. Still, considering the terrible consequences of a recourse to arms, it seems as if prudence must prevail. Tell my dear uncle that there is no danger of my turning rebel, but I fear there is little hope of my being able to influence my father. I am too young.

There is to be an assembly to-morrow night, and I have persuaded my mother that I am sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of my journey to attend. After it is over I will write again and tell you of my impressions. Beg my uncle and aunt to accept my most grateful love, and may Heaven bless you all, is the prayer of

Your second self,  
DOROTHY.

WOODCLIFF, April 14, 1775.

MY DEAREST CECILIA: I am now seated in my favorite nook, looking off on the sea—the same sea which washes the shore of your island home. It is like a summer day, warm and sunny, and I should be very happy if only you sat by my side. I am at some distance from the house, but still on my father's estate. After passing through the garden at the right of the house, and then through the orchard, you suddenly find yourself on a cliff overlooking the water. Below is the beach, out of sight from this clump of trees where I sit. It is so solitary and peaceful. I delight to escape here and dream of you and all my friends. To think that, no matter how well I describe it, you can have no satisfactory idea of your Dorothy's home! I seem to have vanished into a blank—is it not so? Ah! how gladly would I persuade my father to take us to England and settle there, far from all these troubles! but, alas! such dreams I must cherish no longer. My father's interests are all in this new country, and who can wonder? Here he has made his fortune and established his home, and I must learn to make it mine, also.

Now, my Cecilia, would you like to hear of the assembly? I attended, as I expected, with my parents. My boxes came from the ship in the morning, and my mother is well satisfied with my wardrobe, and feels

deeply grateful to my aunt for the trouble she took in fitting me out. My father looked much surprised at the number and size of my boxes, and when I told him that either of my cousins would consider my outfit extremely simple, he said, with great gravity, that he feared I should have little need of my finery, as the dissatisfaction of the colonies with England is growing deeper and deeper, and there might soon be a rupture. You can imagine that this somewhat dampened my pleasure in preparing for the evening. The hairdresser was so deeply engaged I could only have him before breakfast; and as I did not feel like sitting motionless all day in helpless elegance, my mother superintended her tiring-woman, and I can say that I never had my hair done better. It was high enough to suit even you. I wore my white lute-string with the embroidered petticoat, and for ornaments the pearls which my uncle gave me at parting. My mother wore the French gown which my aunt sent her, and very elegant did she look. I was proud of her, I assure you. When we entered the assembly-room I was struck with wonder, for I might have imagined that I was entering the room at Bath. The decorations, the brilliant lights and truly elegant costumes of both ladies and gentlemen were just as I have seen them there. You know that when Sir John told me, after his visit to the colonies, that the society of Newport was equal to that of any English town, I would not believe him. I thought he only said it to flatter me; but now that I have seen the people as they appeared at this assembly, I feel that what he said was true. The whole affair would have been perfectly creditable to London herself. I know you will laugh, and say that my imagination has gilded everything; but, indeed, I am not romancing. The gentlemen have, most of them, at one time or another, spent some time in the mother country, and have acquired the ease of bearing of the best society there; and, sweet cousin, they wear wigs here no more than they do in London. The young ladies carry themselves with grace and dignity. I wish you could see them, you thorough aristocrat! I hope you will forget everything disloyal to my home that I have said to you, for when I think how it would grieve my parents I am ashamed of myself from the bottom of my heart. I delight to see the colonists following the manners and fashions of the mother country, for it shows me how thoroughly they are our people. This is only a colony of English folk, and they are just as English and just as much bound to obey the king as if they still lived in England. That is the way I feel.

To return to the assembly. My father presented us directly to the Governor, who had his station at the top of the room. He is a very courtly man, and said to me that it was a pleasure to see a face which had so lately graced his majesty's levee.

"I know from your face, my dear young lady, that you are a loyal subject to our king."

"Then, sir," I replied, "my face bespeaks my heart."

He seemed pleased with my reply, but I fancied my father hardly liked it. His Excellency then invited me to open the dance with him, saying he must take the privilege, since I was so lately come from England. Was not this an honor? Just then I found some one by my side. It was Keith de Berrian, and he persuaded my father to let him escort me around the room before the dancing should begin. He looked most handsome in his full dress, which I feel sure came straight from London. I could not forbear expressing to him a little of the surprise I felt at the appearance of the room and costumes.

"I see, madam," he responded; "you expected to find us a set of savages, and any bit of civilization surprises you."

This was so exactly what I had felt, I am sure I blushed, and fixing his eyes on me keenly, he said: "If your residence abroad has taught you to be faithless to your own country, I for one shall be sorry that you ever left it."

This made me a little angry, and I replied, haughtily: "I certainly do not consider it faithless to my home to desire her to be loyal to her king and mother country."

"I beg your pardon, if I have offended," he said, "but let me, as an old friend, advise you to keep such sentiments to yourself."

Before I could reply he changed his tone entirely, and began to point out different personages in a very gay and entertaining manner. When I returned to my mother there were several gentlemen waiting to be presented to me, among them Mr. Coverly, a cousin of the Governor, whose address and bearing was very pleasing. He was most complimentary, saying: "I have been in this assembly-room, madam, on many occasions, but never when it was graced as it is to-night."

"Does not the Governor often attend?" I inquired.

"Ah! madam," he answered. "You affect to misunderstand me; does not beauty outrank the highest dignity on earth?"

"Mr. Coverly is very gallant," said I, "and it would be unfair to doubt his sincerity."

"Thank you," he responded; "but your mocking eyes belie your lips."

"Then you should not look at them!"

"How can I help it?" he replied, throwing such a look of admiration into his face that I laughed, for such flattery always amuses me. I think he hardly liked it, but just then we were interrupted by music, the signal for the opening of the ball. I led off with the Governor, and hope I did not disgrace myself. After this it was all a whirl, and you can imagine it as well as I could describe it. Mr. Coverly was my partner several times, and accompanied us to our carriage, so I think he must have forgiven me for that laugh. Since that evening we have received many visitors. Mr. Coverly has been here twice, and I am still very well impressed with him. He has a fine figure, dark hair and eyes, and my mother says might easily pass for my brother. So far our conversation has been of the most trifling order. I fancy he affects the bearing of a court gallant, but he holds some responsible office under the crown, so there must be worth in him. Mr. de Berrian is also a frequent visitor. My parents are both very fond of him for the sake of my poor brother, and love him almost like a son. He is a great contrast to Mr. Coverly. His complexion is fair as a girl's, though he looks anything but effeminate. His eyes are that deep grey which I always admire, and his hair your favorite chestnut. He is grave by nature and takes life seriously where Mr. Coverly takes it lightly. I think he is a man one could trust thoroughly, and I respect him, but we never agree; I feel forced to defend myself whenever he is with me.

Ah, me! I could write on forever, but I must stop and return to the house. In a few days I shall write again for I have many things to say, and I know however unimportant my thoughts are, to you they are not uninteresting. Though seas divide us, I feel sure that your heart ever clings to your

DOROTHY.

WOODCLIFF, April 19, 1775.

MY SWEET COUSIN: At last your welcome letter has reached me, and oh! how I have enjoyed it! Every line I have read over and over. I am glad to know that I am missed in your walks and rides. It almost made me weep to think of my darling Firefly. This morning I had a most delightful ride with my father. Nearly every day I accompany him to his country house. My father is so kind and entertaining at these times, that I am fast losing my awe of him. You may be sure that we talk often of your dear household, and I tell him about the life at Hurst and the events of my stay there as I never could in letters. I long to talk with him concerning the troubles between the mother country and these colonies, but he always avoids the subject, so I do not feel it proper to press it. Why every one should so hesitate to express an opinion I cannot understand. If ever I introduce the topic when with visitors, they always change it as soon as possible. Perhaps it is not so much that they are afraid to say what they think, but that they do not consider it well-bred to discuss in the parlor a subject in which opinions are so different and feelings so strong. However, there are two with whom I can talk freely, but how opposite are their sentiments! Mr. Coverly is an out-and-out loyalist, and assumes that I entirely sympathize with him, which I can see disturbs my mother. Mr. de Berrian is firmly on the side of the Massachusetts colonists, and when alone with me, gives me many lectures on my "youthful and exaggerated" opinions concerning things I know nothing about. Is he not deferential? He presumes decidedly on our former acquaintance I think, but for the sake of learning something about the matter I submit.

This morning after leaving my father, I fell in with a gay party of equestrians, and joined them as far as our road lay. Mr. Coverly and Keith de Berrian were of the party, and when I had to leave the main road they both escorted me home, though as K. de B. had business in this direction I cannot take any compliment to myself. Mr. Coverly was in very high spirits and talked so fast that I had to give nearly my whole attention to him, but I was hardly to be blamed, for K. de B. was exceedingly dull and my efforts to draw him into the conversation were not successful. It is so annoying to feel that a man can make himself agreeable, and then have him decline to make the effort, as if it were not worth the trouble. If I try to show my displeasure by neglecting him a little, he never seems to notice it, and I do not get the satisfaction I could wish. I did rouse him, however, when I asked Mr. Coverly what he would do with the Massachusetts Colonists if he were king. This drew sparks.

Mr. Coverly replied: "I think that perhaps their demands are just, but if I were king I would never listen to rebels! Let them lay down the weapons they have seized and humbly pray the king to forgive their past acts of rebellion; then will be the time for him to listen to their petitions."

"You forget, Mr. Coverly," interposed K. de B. with bitterness, "that not a hand was raised until it was necessary, for defence against the insolent violence of the troops, our good king has placed in our midst. Would a county of England suffer herself to be denied representation in parliament, to be taxed arbitrarily, and then obliged to support the soldiers who were placed over her to crush out any natural resistance to such injustice?"

Mr. Coverly answered with his usual courtesy: "Our standpoints are so different, Mr. de Berrian, it is use-

less to discuss the matter, but since you ask me the question, I will say that the taxes laid on these colonies are no heavier than counties in England have often borne willingly, for the sake of their king. And why should you object to bear some yokes for the country, which, though she may make mistakes in government, always protects her dependencies faithfully. When the colonists were beset by Indians, their homes reduced to ashes by the firebrands of these fiends, their wives and children being massacred before their eyes, could they have preserved themselves from extermination but for the help of England? She sent her bravest and best to your aid and gave you a lasting freedom from such dangers, and now when you are called upon to aid in filling her treasuries, exhausted by her defence of your property and lives, you refuse, and insult her commissioned officers sent to collect the tribute she has a right to expect."

"Your words are plausible, Mr. Coverly, but remember that England left us to struggle as best we might against the most horrible warfare known to man; alone and even without her sympathy, until France joined the Indians. Then, to crush her hated rival she was willing to send her armies; then only did she endeavor to protect her children. But, for her ten soldiers we gave thousands, our commerce was interrupted, our lands were untillied while we fought for our safety and her glory. Her armies went triumphantly back to England where ease and plenty awaited them, while we had a long fierce struggle to regain our former condition. And now that we are recovering from the effects of that hard fight, she comes and imposes taxes on us to refill her coffers. She does not ask us to help her; she demands it. How long can we endure to be treated like slaves instead of subjects?"

"Ingratitude can always find excuses for herself."

"Yes, and tyranny will always work its own destruction."

I felt as if I were between two drawn swords, and was glad enough that just then we reached Woodcliff, and the combatants were obliged to separate. Pardon this hasty conclusion, but I find that by closing this at once I can dispatch it immediately.

Ever your

DOROTHY.

MY BELOVED CECILIA: How little did I dream when last I was writing to you of the terrible deeds that were transpiring in Massachusetts! As Pope says:

"O, blindness to the future! kindly given  
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven."

I feel ten years older than I did on that day. Fool that I was, I thought that because the surface was calm the deeps were also! On the night of the eighteenth inst. eight hundred troops from Boston set out for Concord to destroy the supplies there. The minute men heard of the proposed attack through one Paul Revere; they collected a force and resisted. The route from Concord to Boston is stained with blood. How can I make you realize the fearful excitement that prevails everywhere? The bonds of silence are at last broken, and patriots and loyalists are sharply arrayed against each other. It is said that twenty thousand troops are now encamped around Boston; they are here forming a company to join Nathaniel Greene, who has been most active in raising forces throughout Rhode Island. Mr. De Berrian is at the head of the movement, and my father is aiding him with his influence and money. My

heart is almost broken. What to think I do not know. Will not England realize the determination of the Colonists to have their rights and treat them like men?

I was in my seat, sadly reflecting on these troubles, a few days since, when suddenly Mr. De Berrian stood before me. To my exclamation of surprise he explained that there was a path up from the beach, but so hidden that few knew of it. He said that he was very glad to find me here, as he had something which he wished to say to me. He knew that it disturbed my father to have me talk as I did, and that if I understood the matter he felt sure I would judge more fairly. He then gave me a concise history of the past ten years; and, oh! Cecilia, things look so differently from his standpoint. It is not simply taxation that they fight against, but it is a great principle—taxation without representation. If Pitt could only have had his way all this trouble might have been prevented. I never liked K. de B. as much as I did to-day; he is so thoughtful for my father, and seems so manly and brave; he sympathizes deeply with those who have strong ties in England, yet feels that this matter must be settled now, even if brother sheds brother's blood. I cannot, cannot believe that it will come to that. Mr. de Berrian showed me very plainly that it is my duty to be loyal to my father before any one else; his actions are the result of most earnest convictions, and I must cast aside all prejudices. Ah! Cecilia, the men do not have all the suffering at such a time; the wives and daughters have not their relief of action; they can only watch and dread.

LATER.

What will you say when I tell you that I have had the way opened to return to England, in a perfectly honorable manner? Since the bloodshed at Concord, many of the loyalists have become uneasy, and are preparing to leave the colonies as soon as possible. Among this number is Mr. Coverly. He called this morning, and saw my mother first, I not being at leisure just then. When I entered the room I thought I had never seen him appear so embarrassed and ill at ease. My mother was called away, and he immediately told me that he was about to depart for England with the Murray family, and that Madam Murray would be very happy to have me accompany the party. I thought this a most extraordinary idea, and replied rather stiffly that of course I should remain with my parents. He said hurriedly that under ordinary circumstances it was a daughter's duty to remain with her parents, but he had my father's permission to offer me his hand and heart! I was so amazed at this sudden proposal I could not speak, and he went on to say that we could be married at once, and then he would take me to England, where I would be among my own kinsfolk, and out of all danger. My heart leapt at the thought of seeing you, but I could not say "yes." I had liked Mr. Coverly very much, but when he asked me the question I found I did not love him. It is decidedly fortunate that I could say "no," for I could never have left my dear parents at such a time, even if I had loved him. I was greatly amazed that my father should permit him to make his addresses to me, differing as they do in their principles; but when I asked my mother the reason, she told me he felt that after sending me to England, and permitting me to grow so strong a loyalist, he ought to allow me to decide for myself in so important a matter. Was it not kind of him, and should I not be ungrateful to desert such a father for any one? My parents are greatly relieved at my decision, and I found to my astonishment that they both thought I had



a preference for Mr. Coverly over any of the other gentlemen whom I know. It was only that I could talk more easily with him than with the others, and I fear I thoughtlessly gave him encouragement. So, instead of seeing me, you will receive this letter. It seems very trifling to be thinking so much of my own interests at such a time, but there is one I know who will forgive all my faults.

I can write no more, for my candle is burned down to its socket.

DOROTHY.

WOODCLIFF, May 5, 1775.

MY BELOVED COUSIN: I have not had the heart to write you since my last of the 30th inst. And, besides, it is extremely doubtful if this ever reaches you. The town is like a grave, except for the preparations of the company for departure; they leave to-morrow. A few days since we had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Greene, who came here to inspect the force which Mr. de Berrian will soon lead, under his command, to Boston. He is a most interesting man, of frank and engaging manners, and most enthusiastic in his support of the Massachusetts regulars. I asked him why he should leave his house, and throw himself into the conflict before necessity compelled him. He replied that the sooner all joined in the war, the sooner it would be over. "I want to be in the van!" he said, with sparkling eyes. When he left, my father also departed, on his way to the Second Continental Congress, which began its sitting on the 10th inst., at Philadelphia. Since then my mother and I do nothing but watch for tidings, and dread the future. The action of this Congress is considered to be of great importance. They will memorialize the King; and oh! may they bring about a termination of these dreadful conflicts! Tidings from Boston are meagre, and often only rumors, which we do not feel safe in believing. We do know, however, that large reinforcements have arrived from England, under Howe, which looks threatening, and a man-of-war hovers around our bay, which, it is suspected, is supplied with provisions by the royalists in the town. This, naturally, greatly alarms the townspeople, for the means of resistance are poor indeed, and after the departure of the company on the morrow, we shall be wholly at the mercy of those cruel cannon. I am in a kind of apathy, and almost long for the blow to be struck which shall end this suspense.

JUNE 1.

I have just found this beginning of a letter which I will now attempt to finish, hoping some favorable chance may occur of dispatching it to you. My father returned yesterday from Philadelphia, where the Congress is still in session, private business calling him home. He will send no more vessels to England, the risk of seizure is so great. Fortunate for us that the means of subsistence are not taken from us by the cessation of trade with England. To many it will bring financial ruin. My father brings tidings that Congress has adopted the army now encamped around Boston. They have also appointed several brigadier-generals, among whom is Mr. Greene. This gives us pleasure, not only from our esteem of him, but because it will promote Keith de Berrian to the rank of colonel. Congress has not yet appointed a commander-in-chief, but my father feels almost sure that Mr. Washington, of Virginia, will be the man, notwithstanding that some among the Northern delegates oppose it. Mr. Hancock is the choice of some, and would, no doubt, be glad of the appointment.

My father has personal acquaintance with Mr. Washington, having fought side by side with him in the campaign of 1755. He considers him a man of great talent and military knowledge, and hopes most earnestly that he will be the one chosen.

Ah, my dear cousin, how I wish that I could know your feelings toward this unhappy country. When I look back to the time when I landed, and reflect how totally my sentiments have changed I am smitten by a dread fear that this may cause a great breach between us. But let me not harbor such a thought. You are of such an impartial mind, if you knew the facts in the matter I feel sure that your sympathies could not but be on the side of the colonists. My heart is now entirely with them; henceforth I am an American through and through. You may think this a very sudden conversion, but reflect that we live in a hot-bed of feeling, and opinions form quickly and ineffaceably at such times.

Will it give you grief, I wonder, if I tell you something which has happened since last I wrote? The day before K. de B. left—there! I think you can tell what I would say. Yes, I am the promised wife of a colonel in the American army! Little did I think that I should announce a change which will affect my whole life with such a weight at my heart. But it is strange when the one to whom I have given my whole heart is in danger every moment of his life, such danger as I cannot contemplate without shuddering. We shall be married the first time he can obtain leave of absence. This is my wish, for then if he should be wounded I shall have the right to go to him and care for him. My father and mother are both pleased with our engagement, and are more hopeful than I of a bright ending to all our troubles. Do not think I am always so sad. The thought that M. de Berrian loves me is so sweet. I am happy in spite of everything. Truly, I never suspected that I loved him until he astonished me by asking me to be his wife, and then I found that my inmost heart was already his. How proud I am that I have won the love of such a noble man!

JUNE 21, 1775.

OH! my Cecilia, what strange things have happened since last I wrote! The purpose of that man-of-war has been disclosed, and, oh! in what terror we should have been during these past weeks had we known how nearly it affected us! Such a day and night as we have passed! Yesterday at noon the ship stood in to the bay and dropped anchor just off the point. Immediately streets filled with people. Men hastily ascended the housetops, spyglass in hand, and ere long the intelligence passed from lip to lip that it was the dreaded *Rose*. Her design no one could tell, whether to bombard the town or simply to procure provisions. Even if it were only the latter, the tales of wanton insult and pillage which has marked her course along the coast were enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart. Mothers gathered their children about them and prayed Heaven for protection. Those whose houses were nearest the water's edge began to move out their household belongings, and even the goods from their warehouses, bestowing them up on the Common, where they hoped they would be safe from shells. A council was hastily convened in front of the Meeting House, and decided to send out a flag of truce to the ship, and if Captain Wallace only wanted provisions to promise them to him. I know my father did not approve of this, but he was

overruled, and a boat was dispatched, its white flag waving aloft. The anxiety of those on shore was intense till it returned; and when it did Captain Wallace had refused to make known his designs, had demanded a large store of supplies, and would not say whether he intended to leave the bay or no. The delegation had suffered the indignity of not being allowed to go on board the ship, so they could tell nothing of the number of the crew. All felt then that it would have been better to pay no attention to the ship, and so not let our fear be known. But there was no help for it now. Provisions were hastily collected, and sent off just at night, and we eagerly watched for signs of departure. When the boats returned from this second trip, alas! they brought us no good tidings. The anchor was evidently cast for the night. Cato had gone as one of the oarsmen, and when he reached home he told me something that filled me with foreboding.

It appeared that the captain had come to the side of the ship and talked with Mr. Alden, a royalist, in French. Of course none of the negroes could understand him, but Cato was sure he had heard my father's name. What this might mean I could not conjecture, and took him at once to my father, who questioned him closely, and then quietly dismissed him. I was beside myself with fright, and begged to know what this meant?

My father said he was very sorry that I had heard it, but since I had, he would tell me that he felt Cato was right, as he had seemed so positive. He thought that Captain Wallace, either desiring money wished him as hostage, or else learning of his zeal in sending aid to Massachusetts and fitting out companies for the war, wished to take him out of the way. My mother had joined us, and together we besought him to fly for his life, and though at first he peremptorily refused, our tears and pleadings finally prevailed. It was thought best that only we two should know of his flight.

With what heavy hearts we made the necessary preparations! My father decided to go to our farm among the hills, from whence he could easily escape if pursued. When it was fairly dark, he quietly left by the rear gate unobserved. My mother and I at first gave ourselves up to our fears, but it suddenly occurred to me that if my father escaped, the house would probably be pillaged. I spoke of this to my mother, and begged her to allow me to see that the silver and other valuables were buried. She assented, and gathering the servants I directed the burying of all the plate, our jewelry and various other things, and felt sure they were so disposed of that no one could ever find them. It was a great relief to me to have this work to do; I think I should have gone mad if I had been obliged to sit idle. After posting a man at each gate to warn us of the approach of the marines, we retired to our rooms, not to sleep indeed, but listening to every sound, and ready to spring at any moment. Thus the night dragged on, until just at dawn, when we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that the danger was over, Susannah came flying in to say that the red coats were approaching. They had chosen their time well, when nearly all the village, worn out with watching and waiting, had fallen asleep. Quietly landing on the shore below our estate, they had come up by that path I once told you of. How they discovered it will always be a mystery. The house was soon surrounded by a strong guard, so that no alarm could be given. Then the lieutenant, followed by two men, entered the house, and demanded to be taken to Mr. Waring. Susannah brought them to my father's private room, where I had insisted on remaining with my mother. When they

saw only two women, they were greatly taken aback. My mother looked a very queen, and I wonder not that they were confused. The lieutenant stepped forward and, removing his cap, repeated his inquiry for my father. My mother replied that he was not at home. At this the men laughed coarsely, but the lieutenant said politely that he was sorry to trouble us, but that he must see Mr. Waring, and feeling perfectly sure that he was in the house, it would save them the inconvenience of searching if she would send for him. My mother asked what they wished of her husband. He replied that no harm would be done him, but that his presence was required on the ship by Captain Wallace. My mother, brave as she is, turned pale at this, but rallying quickly, said that her husband had been called away and she could not tell where he was. One of the men broke in then, saying, brutally: "We'll hamstring every nigger on the place, if we can't find out any other way!" My mother turned on him with flashing eyes:

"Your British cruelty would be of no use. The only persons in this house who know where Mr. Waring is are my daughter and myself. Think you, sir, that a wife would betray her husband, or a daughter her father?"

The lieutenant here ordered the men out of the room, and followed them. We could hear an excited colloquy in the hall, and then the tramp of feet overhead, and all about, as they searched the house. But they at last gave up, the morning coming on so fast they dared not stay longer, I think. We knew that we should find our house thoroughly pillaged, but were so thankful that my dear father was safe, and our best possessions as well, we suffered the rest without complaint. At last the lieutenant again entered the room, and said respectfully to my mother:

"Madam, failing in the object of our visit, I have been obliged to allow my men to reward themselves with what they could find in the house; but I have kept them as much as possible from wanton destruction, and permitted but a small number to enter."

Then, looking at us keenly, he said:

"I conclude that you had warning of our visit, for the valuables I was told to secure are not to be found!"

Was this not strange? He evidently knew of the plate. I think there must be some low traitor in the town! We neither of us replied, and he, bowing, left the room.

Suddenly Susannah came running in, to tell me that the men were so angry at finding such a small amount of booty that they had gone into my bed-chamber, forced open my clothes-press, and taken all my dresses which I brought from England. Did you ever hear the like? I was so incensed that, without reflection, I flew out of the room into the hall, where the lieutenant stood alone, and, rushing up to him, said breathlessly:

"We thought we were yielding to a necessity of war when we suffered you to enter our house. We did not realize that you were petty thieves, who would even take our very clothes!"

He flushed, and answered: "I much regret disturbing you, madam, but it could not be helped."

"And do you," I exclaimed, "the officer in command, say that you have not sufficient control over your men to compel them to restore our personal property? No wonder the English navy is no better than a piracy, when the officers thus yield to common sailors!"

My eyes flashed, and I know I must have looked a

veritable little fury. He regarded me for a moment, and then replied:

"I will restore your property to you on one condition."

"And what is that?" I cried.

"I must have something to soften that taunt. Give me one kiss and everything shall be brought back!"

I turned indignantly to leave him, and then hesitated. Was it so great a price for all my pretty gowns? Just one kiss to a man—and a very handsome man!—whom I should never see again. I know you will be shocked, but—I turned back. He was watching me with a half smile on his face.

"Is there nothing else you would take?" I asked. "No!" he said; "I have but one price." "Then," I replied slowly, "I will give it." Before the words were fairly out of my mouth, he caught me in his arms

and took not only the payment but interest indeed! Then leaving me he went outside, and after a short parley returned, followed by two men carrying a box in which lay my gowns. By this time my mother had joined me and she thanked the lieutenant most warmly. I dared not look at her. What would she say if she knew why he was so kind! Then bidding us farewell gracefully, the lieutenant marshalled his men—who had laden themselves with all they could carry—and retreated. Just as he left the porch he plucked a rose and had the audacity to touch it to his lips with a most gallant bow to me, after my mother had turned away.

And now do you think, you proper soul, that it was so dreadful for me to give that kiss? Remember that it was the thought that these gowns are all the bridal finery I can have, that made me turn back. If Mr. de Berrian will forgive me, do you not think you ought?

LEILA WEBSTER.

## IN THE EDGE OF THE SOUDAN.

BY WILLARD H. MORSE.

"It will not be of any use," Tom said. "Mind, I say this, so that you will not be disappointed when I return!"

But still I hoped differently. It was my doing, and my suggestion, and I was selfish. Tom deserved a vacation. For nine years he had been the bookkeeper at Delorme & Thebaude's, and had never had a month off. I had visited him in Lyons, and, on the point of leaving for Rome, had invited his company. He wanted to go, and had promised to speak to the senior.

"I will accompany you," I said, "and we will urge M. Delorme!"

I did so, and the old Frenchman looked quite benign as I asked for Tom's vacation.

"Ah!" he said, "Want to get away from the green desk, hey? Yes, Devereire, you may go, and be gone two months, provided that you let me tell you where to go!"

"Agreed!" answered the delighted Tom.

"Very well!" chuckled the old man. "You may be away two months. I will pay all of your expenses, and those of your friend, and your salary shall go on. I want you to go to the Soudan!"

It startled me, but Tom was not surprised. He thanked the merchant, and explained to me afterwards. Delorme & Thebaude did a business in Egypt, and wished to push it into the African continent. The step was meditated before, and Tom's request for a vacation had brought it about.

This is how it chanced to be that I saw the Soudan. Three days later we left the rail station Perrache, Tom bearing instructions to turn his vacation into the interests of commerce, and open up a new route for French trade. MM. Delorme & Thebaude had simply said to their bookkeeper:

"We wish you good pleasure, and all that we would like is for you to get a knowledge of the commerce of the Soudan; find the shortest route from Cairo to the Aroussis, and see what can be done there."

In my heart I distinguished M. Delorme as a hard-hearted man. Yes, indeed, faithful Tom Devereire might have a vacation, but it was to go into the jaws of

death! But Tom was pleased, and I was adventurous, so that settled it. The house had long been represented in the Nile country, and now the Frenchman's sagacious eye saw a new opening ahead. I am fain to believe that the old Lyonnaise would have sought a market even in a cannon's mouth!

If ever there appears a book entitled "A Sea Voyage from the Cape Bon to Bab El Mandeb," let me beg of you to read it. It will be descriptive of our trip, and it will come into my narrative just here. Such a book can be written I make no doubt, and when it is done it will supply a want that I shall leave unprovided for. All that I can say of it is expressed in the words: Water, Dust, Narghilehs, and Heat. For the rest, please see book above named.

On a Friday we arrived at Zeila, our objective point. The town is one situated about ninety miles south of the Bab El Mandeb, on the Somalian coast of the Aden Gulf. Northward, on the same water's edge, is Mosha, a smaller town, now, and for some time, in the holding of the British. To the south lies a gleaming of white sand. Westward, the mountains of the Deb Enii cast the pale shadows that the Berber seaman superstitiously dreads. Into those shadows we came from off the ship at evening, and under the candlelight that streamed from windows and courts, we first touched African soil. Within five minutes we found a real Yankee element in the Arabs who clustered around us—an element revealed by the question twenty times repeated:

"Good men, what is it that you are here for?"

When we spoke of our intended journey we were quite overwhelmed with applications for places in our caravan. Deciding not to hire any one until the morning, we went back to the ship for the night. Long before sunrise the eager applicants were on the wharf, and waiting much in the attitude of American cabmen. Tom confessed to a fear to face them, and at the mate's suggestion we sent for a *gahuk*, who advised us in regard to making up the caravan. He had had experience in caravan organizing, and we were glad to avail ourselves of his services, as well as to hereby recommend him to any traveler at Zeila. You had better put down his



name or you will forget it; it is spelled Retsimikaloun, Galuk of D'jerever.

"Good ones, hire me!" yelled the Arabs as we landed.

"Apply to Retsimikaloun," we answered, and were no longer troubled. The *galuk* was at once besieged, and made his choice of men forthwith.

The task of getting ready was tedious. We found four travelers already there waiting for others, and we waited with them until the following Tuesday, when the "Circassian" arrived from Suez bringing five other gentlemen, who, with their attendants, completed the *kafilah*, as the caravan is called. The worthy *galuk* announced that all was ready for the start, but when the morning came and we all expected to be off, we were solemnly informed by the *reis* that a *kafilah* will not set out on any other day than Friday, for so the Koran commands. This meant two days more delay, for it was quite impossible to move the men. When Friday came we started at the next hour after midday prayer, and to "make it lucky," we did not proceed on that day only seven hundred furlongs!

The company comprised, beside Tom and myself, two Frenchmen, a German, two Englishmen, an American, five Turkish merchants, and the *reis*, with ninety-six native attendants. The animals comprised thirty camels, twelve horses, an ass, and the dogs. The horses we rode, the camels carried the burdens, and the ass, unladen, preceded the company—in accordance with a superstition—for good luck. In the march, a camel, laden lightly, and carrying a *Koran* on a gayly-colored cushion, followed the lead of the ass, and behind him the *karawan* marched as it pleased, the men armed, and the camels that were laden with the most valuable burdens carefully guarded. We were well provided against possible robbers; and in the matter of provisions, water, and companionship we were mutually placed in the best possible position for comfort.

The march, as it took place from the second day onward, was fixed under certain regularity. Each day's route occupied ten or twelve hours, and as a camel does not travel faster than two miles an hour, a day's journey did not average more than twenty-five miles. It began at an early morning hour, always before sunrise, and continued until ten o'clock; then followed a halt until about three, when traveling was resumed and continued until as late as seven or eight.

The *galuk* controlled everything. He was *el karan seraskier*, general commanding the caravan, in truth. He managed everything, from the Turkish merchant to the lone ass, directed the attendants and camels, advised the gentlemen, and had his will deferred to in all things. He was a guide as well as a headman, and while he directed the hours of march and halt, he was equally as valuable in selecting lines of travel.

The journey lay from Zeila to Harar, and after two days of mountain travel, was over level, sandy, and arid country. Here was a good road, but beyond Tdutar was only a track that ran through sand. By the daylight the *reis* guided us as well as a mariner's compass could do, and at night he sat down and smoked and slept carelessly.

During our journey we made a camp each evening. The tents were pitched, the horses and camels fed and tethered, and the cooks were soon busied in the preparation of the evening meal. Guard was put out at dark, and the best precautions were taken. There is nothing to be compared to these nights!

After a day in the mountains we left Zeila far behind, and were fairly afloat on the boundless ocean of sand

and yellow soil-land. We reached the ford of the Vilah late in the afternoon of Saturday. The river was more than sixty yards wide, and the water was turbid and stagnant. The *reis* led the way into the stream, and at his word the trained camels swam across much like oxen would do. The horses followed, and the Arabs plunged in gayly, and plashed about like school-boys. Camp was pitched on the bank, and on that first night the songs and prayers of the men took echo from the water-side, making an evening never to be forgotten.

Other days that followed were all of a kind, and though we never failed to journalize the daily events, they were so tame that it would not be interesting to bring them into the narrative. The *galuk* had everything his own way, and we soon found that where an Arab rules, the matter is monotony. He was not arbitrary or lax, but in the happy mean he wanted things to go free and easy.

"Come, now; be taking your astronomical observations!" he would say to me, in precisely the same tone that he would bid the Somalians to "Feed the horses, and see to their pickets!" Without any effort he could emphasize his orders with a "By Allah!" "In faith!" "By the Prophet!" and his use of the interjections "Oh!" and "Ah!" would have done credit to a Frenchman, especially when he would become excitedly sarcastic, and seek to show his superior knowledge of the route. An Arab's "Ah!" accompanied by a lifting of the eyebrows, is something quite dramatic.

On the third day we came at night about five miles from Harar, and the *reis* set down there. Tom was wretched with a sick headache, and took his bed in the first tent that was pitched, while our companions played cards and waited for supper. I eyed the near-by city for a few minutes; and then, conceiving a desire to explore it without waiting for the morning, I rejected the counsel of the *galuk*, and assuring him that he would find me in Harar on the following day, I called two of the men, and rode away. An hour later I entered a town of which Americans doubtless know nothing. Harar has as many names as a Turk, and is known as Adar, Addar, Ararg, Hurrur, Arragay, Herer, and almost any quantity of other names, betraying not only its Gallasian, Somalian, and Zaylain connections, but, as well, its Egyptian dependence.

The entrance was through one of five gates that pierce a stone wall that is flanked by four large and twenty lesser towers. Riding through, I found myself in a narrow street that ran up and over a hill, and was paralleled and crossed by other narrow ways, one and all sandy, filthy and hot. A *tahsella*, or gate-house, stood at the left of the gate, and the *tahsel* at once appeared in the archway with the question, "*Har setje vellasqa, setje tlarthong?*" (Who goes, and where goes he?) Receiving my answer, I was required to dismount and leave my horse in the care of his men, he paying me for it its full value, the sum returnable when we should leave the city. This is in compliance with an Egyptian law, and is so provided to guard against robbers.

I went on a-foot, the two Somalians following, with their hats in their hands, and the citizens watching us from the doorways with childish curiosity. I fancy that I realized in that experience how a foreigner lately landed in New York must feel. The street was used as a market-place, and as I went on up the hill, I came upon the buildings from which a considerable commerce is performed. Foreign wares were on the shelves, and from merchant to merchant foreign goods were passed. Among native articles of trade I made note of such

commodities as ivory, gums, coffee, tobacco, and honey. Grain, fruit, and vegetables are also handled, but did not, at the time, claim my attention.

But I had another object than the markets in view, and only passed them on my way in search of the palace of the Emir. I was not long in finding the place. Among the houses of Harar it was, indeed, a palatial mansion, but it was scarcely more imposing than a barn. It stood on the street that leads from the "grand gate," and was built up to the road-bed. Long, low, and one-storied, it was painted white, without a window, and possessed of no ornament excepting a red flannel rag tacked on the door. No stately pomp hung over the abode of the representative of the Sultan, and no guards stood by to hinder my entrance into the presence of the dark-browed and heavy-bearded man who has for seven years been Emir of Hadijah, in Harar. To him I introduced myself as an American, and was greeted cordially and entertained hospitably. The most that the dignitary knew of the United States was that it is "the country of General Grant." On my part I was equally as ignorant of Harar, and the Emir enlightened me in return for information that I gave him. "Thirty or forty thousand is the population of the city: 10,000 is the number of the houses, and the mosques are five," was the Emir's general information. Further than this, he laid emphasis on the fact that Umar Abadir El Bakai, the Mahometan sheik-saint, is the patron of the city, and that, as a matter of course, the Harari are Mahometans. The Emir boasted of his rule of the city, and was quite American in ascribing the municipal glory with his own efforts. I understood before I left Harar that Edil, the wife of the Emir, is the real governor, and exercises great influence.

At midnight I was shown to my room, the governor smilingly assuring me that because of his great respect for America he would honor me with a lodging in the bath chamber! It was so done. The bed was spread beside the lavatory, and after I was between the sheets a supper was served me. One edible was dates, stewed with frizzled mutton, and it was a dish most pleasing to the palate. The eating of it had quite the same effect as that occasioned by an over-dose of mince-pie, and it was from no pleasant dreams that I was aroused eight hours later, after a night of broken sleep. The Emir sent to say that he would show me about the city, and immediately after breakfast we set out on a tour of sight-seeing. The "sights" were few, and among them only two remain in my mind. One was the Djami Mosque, a large, high building, gray-walled, gilt-domed, and justly the pride of the faithful of Harar. The other object of interest was the Egkhat, a building answering to a *café*, saloon, or opium-den, where the people assemble to chew and smoke the leaves of the *gkhat*, the Somalian's favorite narcotic stimulant. The strange part of the indulgence is that the users of this weed invariably sit reading the *koran* while they enjoy the drug.

Just after noonday my men apprised me of the arrival of the caravan outside the walls; and bidding the Emir adieu, I regained my horse and reported to the *reis* at once. The eighteen hours was my first and last individual dissipation on the journey. The *reis* bore an antipathy toward Harar, and would not enter the gates. With bad grace he permitted the merchants of our company to enter the town, and awaited them in camp at the furthest point he could reach toward the west that night.

Going on, we passed several small villages, and met with one eastern caravan, arriving on the banks of the

river El Hawash on the tenth day. Through some blunder we did not readily find the Fansart ferry; and as the result of our trying to make a new ferry we found the passage difficult, and had the ill-fortune to lose a horse with its load. It was our fate to find mountain lands rising from the river, and for the next three days our way lay through them, and was hard passed.

Noontide of the third Friday of our journey found us on Abyssinian soil, and no longer in the arid lands. Of beauty and sublimity unsurpassed was the country that stretched before us. Mountains rose above mountains, and hills were grouped with table-lands. Here the mountains were steep and precipitous, with rough, broken rocks that send lost shadows into valleys that were either cañon or chasm, cleft or water-basin. On abrupt peaks snow and ice lay glittering in the sunlight, and in the valleys a fine summery air relieved the oppressive heat. Looking upward, we could see the snow-gusts flying in squalls on the mountain-tops; and while yet we listened to the shriek of the cold, far-away blast, the swallow and the thrush were flying about us or singing in the myrrh copses, and the bee kissed the *tocussa* flowerets at our side. At night the darkness trembled with the call of the hyena and jackal, the sheep and cattle of the natives heard from their pens, and the locusts chirped till the day-rise. Interesting and surprising is such a country, and full of wonders were the towns, country land and mountains.

Shoa is the name of the province that we had entered, and Shoa was then, as always, in rebellion against the government of the state. King John is known in the south province as an usurper, and the Shoa's hardest expression is, "As wicked as detested Kassai!" If the monarch was hated when he was simply General Kassai of Tigré he is now held more hated, and the rebellion is a perennial necessity. Quite naturally, our Arabs did not like the Shoans, and in turn the latter looked askance at us. "Ye men of the country of Sir Bartle Frère, what can you want of us?" was the greeting that came to us who were foreigners; and, without any desire for ill-feelings, we made haste to pass through the wild, fantastic country, and to pass by the distrusted natives.

All of the way toward Aukoher the ill-natured espionage was kept up, and the climax was capped one evening when one of our camel-drivers was raw-hided by a Shoa, and a band of the men rode into our camp with angry threats. Not without fright, Tom dispatched a servant with a letter to the Prince of Shoa, craving protection; and next day an answer was returned, bidding us to "come direct and with welcome to Aukoher!" The hostilities ceased, and we arrived in safety at the capital, where Menelik, *ras* or Prince of Shoa, welcomed us with a warm hand. Like his people he hated Englishmen, but Tom had written and talked in French, and the spouse of the prince is a Frenchwoman. Our Turkish merchants, who had been shaking in their shoes for twenty-four hours, summoned their native shrewdness at once, and placated the lady by sending her in the name of the caravan a present of a diamond set. It was like pulling teeth to the worthy givers, but before we left the town they had trade enough to over-balance the gift. Menelik was very polite, lodged us well, gave us new horses, and insisted on our staying a fortnight.

"Monsieur Deveiere," he said to Tom, "when you go home say to your countrymen, 'Prince Menelik loves Frenchmen!' And," he would add, "say also that Kassai hates Frenchmen, and therefore Menelik would better be King of Habeesinia!"

The olive chief's policy is yet in the condition of heaven, but because of it we had a magnificent reception from him. Aukoher pleased us much. Situated on a table-land, it commands the outlook of the country, the same as the stone palace of the *ras* on the brow of a hill overlooks the city. The houses are framed and thatched, a rude fort is built on the upper side of the city, and two long yellow barns are honored by the name and title of churches. There are about twenty thousand inhabitants, who, with all the province, idolize the *ras*, and dare the rule of King John.

After a stay of fifteen days, during which we had put our *karawan* in the best possible trim, we left Aukoher. The *ras* and his by-no-means beautiful wife parted from us at the fort, and placed in our hands a passport, which permitted of a requisition for everything necessary to the support of our company during our journey through the province, specifying three hundred rations of bread per day, four beeves, butter, honey, beer, etc. As matter of course we "lived well," and had scraps to dispense to swarms of beggars who followed us, or gaped at the passing company. In this high clover we lived for a pleasant week, going south-westwardly and arriving at Finfini, a frontier town, on the seventh day out of Aukoher.

This place, although nominally a town of Shoa, is peopled by Gallas almost exclusively. Pastoral, with nomadic longings, they live in a rude barbarism. Their chief, or *heisha*, a big brawny fellow, never seen except on a white horse, was disposed to traffic, and traded for his people. We remained in camp on the town square one night, and witnessed the idolatry of the inhabitants, who at sunrise came in crowds and worshiped the imaginary god Waikah. The Gallas are pagans, but their worship is rather random. The serpent is their Creator, Christ is Balawold the One, Mahomet is the Terrible, to Atilia they sacrifice bulls and sheep, and so on.

Another week's travel and we reached Syrss or Syrrz, the chief town of Ghomora, and situate among the low hills that rise up from the Djuba. The people are Gallas, but blacker than the Finfini, and speaking a distinct tongue. The *soi-disant* Queen Footie, of Kaffa (Ghomora,) has her capital at Syrss, and welcomed us,—and the chance to trade,—to the hospitality of her "palace." She was a fat old woman, quite coal black, bejewelled, and blessed with a set of false teeth that were much too small for her capacious mouth, and by means of which she grinned horribly. Ignorant, vain, and a very queen-bee, she impressed us as a wonderful woman among Africans, and gave us a pleasurable sojourn. Her people are agricultural, as we found after leaving Syrss, and going on through a valley cultivated for wheat, soybo, maize and pimento. There is the last vestige of real civilization that we came upon, and with our arrival at the spring of the Sobath River we parted from the North-east and its new life, and followed the river, until through wilderness and the haunts of fierce beasts of prey we came unto the Bahrel-Abiad, or White Nile, and looked across the stream into the wilds of nature and man that not inaptly is too well known as the Soudan.

Looking across the river, our first impression of the land was not calculated to put us in love with it. The red sun was hiding behind the wooded horizon, and the setting rays that came to us shone first upon a scene never-to-be-forgotten. The river-side was higher there, and on the grey bank a company of men were encamped. Our glasses showed us the Soudani features, and as we watched we saw that a banquet was in

progress. And such a banquet! An ox was killed and dressed, and on the masses of raw, bleeding, and steaming beef the black men feasted.

An hour later we held a conference. The *reis* had used my lorgnette, and hastened to call us all together. "'Ave we to go into that h—l?" he demanded with ill-concealed fear. "For that purpose you were hired!" he was answered, and he said no more. The men murmured a little, but with one accord the *harawaneri* resolved not to be frightened.

It was a time for fear,—the time of one of the months of El Mahdi's rebellion. It was a place for fear,—for somewhere near, or not far, beyond that river, the False Prophet was ready to demand every foreign life that he could come upon. It was an occasion for fear,—for in the twilight before us there lay the country, the people, the terror. But none would turn aside.

"The matter is just this," said Tom, to the company. "We do not propose to come into contact with the Soudani soldiery, or to come near their haunts. We are going from here to Ismailia for the sake of the trade; from Ismailia to Kassala, or some other point on the Atbara, for the sake of safety; and from the Atbara down the Nile, for the sake of a new route!"

And we did so. I need not waste space in recounting the incidents of that journey from the Sobat to the Atbara, as it is quite *ex cathedra*. That part of the trip was undertaken for the benefit of our companions, and was not patent to our purpose at all. If ours had been the sole proprietorship of the *karawan* we should have left the southern trip undone. But the interests were divided, and twenty-three days of unexciting trade-journeying, was given our friends, the merchants. Wisely we kept near the frontier, and suffered no molestation from the natives.

Returning to the mouth of the Sobat, we made a four days' camp at Kantul, "repairing" our *karawani*, and getting ready for the journey that we had dreaded since leaving Ismailia. We there learned that the False Prophet was at the time four hundred miles north-westward in the vicinity of El Obeid. The probabilities were that we should get no nearer to him; but, wishing to make the most of our time and preserve our safety, Tom sent a letter to Hgu Pata, *ras* of Kaka, asking for a safe-conduct through the country. Not at all to our surprise, the *ras* did not condescend to answer. In the plainest way this omission of an answer said, "Perhaps we will leave you alone, and perhaps we will not!" Verily it was a chance and a risk that were before us, and it seemed quite delightful if the end would justify the means. This wandering about in Africa for the sake of making a new caravan route that the Lyons house might thus gain a new avenue of commerce, was business that did not seem worth the while of possible martyrdom, but then it was a business of adventure that we did not dislike.

"We are going into the Soudan country," said Tom, "but, thank God, not very far in!"

That expressed the general feeling.

On a Friday we entered Denkah, a minor town watered by the sacred river. The hour was three in the afternoon. The largest of the camels had taken the place of the ass and led the *karawan*. Ibrahim El Sholami, the oldest man in the company, and the chief Turkish merchant, led the camel, and walked with uncovered head. All this was ceremonious. Denkah was a Soudan city, peopled with hostile men, but in accordance with the Mohammedan law no harm would be done a *karawan* on the Sabbath, if it came for hospitality after two o'clock, the hour of prayer, and if it was



led by a large camel in charge of a believer of gray beard. We felt sure of safety until the morning, and depended on our wits to keep the people placated.

A dense and dirty crowd met us near the gates; we were out of the beaten track of caravans, and while suspicion was written on the faces of our hosts, it was also plainly seen that we were regarded with curiosity. The usual greetings passed, our El Sholami crossing hands with the suave leader-chief. In answer to the "Who are you, and what do you want?" of this personage, El Sholami had told him all that we were and desired, and had received the answer, "Camp yonder, and in the morning we will trade!"

"Good brothers," said the old merchant to us when we had pitched camp, "I forget your work in bringing me here, and may Allah forget! In the morning we shall be murdered!"

The people looked at us darkly, and we feared that Ibrahim's prophecy would come true. This suspicion was confirmed when one of the Arabs of our company came back from an evening reconnoitre and told us solemnly that the natives were plotting to keep us all as prisoners and seize our goods, because that we were suspected of being "Englishmen and Egyptians."

"Thank fate, I am not an Englishman!" said Tom.

"Ah," Ibrahim answered, "the Soudani hate Frenchmen as badly as Englishmen!"

The outlook was far from promising, and we passed a wretched night. At an early hour of the morning, the leader-chief and a company of men came to our tents, and shrilly whistled for us to come out. Obeying the summons, we gathered at the tentway. The merchants proposed trade. "We will not trade!" was the answer. "Let us go our way then," demanded Ibrahim. "No." "We will pay for the release." "We will take no bribe!" "You have no authority to hold us." "Ah, but we have! Englishmen and Egyptians you are—spies you are!"

"My dear fool," Tom said quietly, "what are you thinking of? There is no Englishman in this company, and there are no Egyptians."

"Lies!" returned the leader-chief.

"Truth, dear fool!" answered Tom. "We are Americans, not Englishmen! Against you no American holds enmity. Does not El Mahdi respect Americans? Does he ever detain them?"

The man turned and conferred with his followers, and then came forward again. At his request, and through his interpreter, we were able to furnish proofs of our American identity, when, presto! we were relieved from surveillance. Gratefully and generously we broke six boxes of New York cigars for the dirty crowd!

The secret of our release came to the surface readily. The rebel False Prophet admires the recorded military ability of General Washington, and that of General Grant, very much as Sitting Bull or Red Cloud might do, and fondly fancies in his ignorant heart that the American people, who have fought against England, still preserve that hatred, and will help the Soudani to freedom if that help is asked.

"We welcome you!" said the Denkah. "And El Mahdi has a welcome for you!"

That we should change our route, and seek the False Prophet in the vicinity of El Obeid, he insisted, and it was only with difficulty that we got away from that idea, making the man happy by sending word, through him, to his master that we, as Americans, and all other Americans, sympathized with those who struggled for religious and political liberty. Equivocal, but true!

Leaving Denkah, the leader-chief presented us with a flag of El Mahdi—the Egyptian flag of green silk, with its stripe of yellow cut across by a bar of red. With this banner floating from a head-pole that one of the camels carried, we went forward, and by it were henceforward protected, as no safe-conduct or passport could have done. Nevertheless, we did not think best to run the risk of getting too far interior from the river. Although not coming into the immediate theatre of the "rebellion," dangerous was the entire equatorial basin. Behind and at the left the country was wild with suspicions, and before us the vast deserts and arid plains welcomed us to well-invited dangers.

We had said "*Sympathy*" to the chief of Denkah, and right here let me say that we meant sympathy for the poor, miserable, helpless people, who are oppressed and taxed as no other people are. Now in revolt, the heart of an American could not blame their struggle for liberty. Despotism has made them barbarians of a wretched barbarism. Our only regret was that they are so weak, and that the issue of the revolt is to be a condition much more wretched.

I have already been too prolix, and to condense the narrative, must say of the days that immediately followed that they were full of hardships that awoke at Denkah, and slept not until the plastered walls of Sollie came in sight. The hardships were four: There were no roads, and we cut our ways by the points of compass. There were mountains and rock, and never-ending bramble. There was a hot, broiling sun, that invited to disease. And there were the hordes of Soudani, and their occasional villages. The standing menace was met by the flag that waved for protection, and one of the three tribes that we came in contact with was the most blood-thirsty of the seventeen tribes of the Soudani. Respecting the flag, they still seemed but half restrained. The third of the people who were at home and not with the Mahdi, were pastorally driving their immense herds of camels, cattle, sheep and goats from the shrunken Bahr Ad pastures to the Bahr el Azrek settlements, where the wheat and *dhovra* were already harvested for feed. They were Mohammedans, but could not for their lives give a reason for the faith that was in them. Ignorant, fanatic and superstitious, they were miserable, and at the base of their misery was hatred. One thing that at first attracted our notice, and to which we became accustomed, was their characteristic vice of slavery. Every family has its slaves, but it is really no worse than the harem slavery of the more orthodox Mohammedan. For my part it would seem preferable to be the property of a Cankaki of Dar Sennaar than the wife of a Turk.

We purposely avoided Sennar. It was Wednesday when we came by that city, and the timid *reis* begged that, as it was not Friday, we should keep away from such a large town. So we sought out Sollie, a town at the confluence of the Black Nile and Tacazze. These rivers had come out of Abyssinia, and there were Arabs in the town who were from the springs of the streams. Two of these nomadic fellows hung dead from a date-palm at the time we entered the town, having been executed for incendiarism committed the previous night. The execution and the fire filled the minds of the people, and we were not as much noticed as otherwise we would have been.

From Sollie to El Damer, with the Atbara ever in sight, was much the same as from Denkah to Sollie, save that it was through a more fertile country, and one more level, and there were wild beasts in the stead of wild men. If that same Atbara land was in

America, it would be eagerly sought by "settlers." The river in its tributaries has washed off the soil of the countless southern hills, and that soil is now lying on the water-course, and full of luxuriant growth of vegetable life. I am thankful that it was mine to see only the edge of the Soudan—the green edge of a cruel desert, cruel with fiery sands, sickening heat, cutting simoom, and foul, malarial air. In such land robber-tribes can live, but in the fertility of the river country they find no fate.

From Sollie to El Damer we struck the *fest* route, and on the way were joined by a company of soldiers bound from Massowah to Berber, whose presence afforded us protection from possible harm. There, on either side, the soil was ripening sorghum, wheat, and flax, and the date-palms sent light shadows into copses of green that were shelter of beast, bird, and reptile. The province was not populous, the natives preferring residence nearer to Khartoum, the great centre of trade and commerce.

At El Damer the exploration ended. Going on to Berber, we took the common route from that town eastward to Suakin on the sea, and returned to Suez by steamer *Alexander* of the Weston Line.

What are my impressions of El Mahdi? is a question that I am often asked, and can briefly answer. The man is known more frequently as El Imam, and it is a great mistake to translate *Mahdi* "Messiah." A long-gone tradition has it that Ali, son-in-law of Mohammed, was a greater man than the Prophet, and that in his twelfth descendant the Islam would be highly blessed. This twelfth descendant, whose name was Mehdi, was the last in the male line, and lived about two centuries ago, when he disappeared, probably died. The mystery of the disappearance fastened on the superstition of the Arabs of the Soudan, and it was held that at the "year of the last day" he would come forth and lead El Islam to victory. Among those to whom this wild rumor came was a young man, born and resident at El Abon, a miserable village on the island of the same name in the White Nile. Poor and mean, but proud, ambitious, and aspiring, this youth studied the tradition closely. His name was Mohammed Achmet, son of an Arab father and a black mother. Leaving El Abon, with his mother, he went into the southern assembly of the tribes, and solemnly announced that he was just born at the age of thirty, and that in *propria personæ* he was none other than Mehdi, El Imam, hidden for centuries, now in the "year of the last day" come to "draw all of the world to Islam." The Soudani believed, and the man was followed by the seventeen tribes. He is pre-eminently a reformer—of religion, of society, of politics

—a socialist, a fanatic, a chief. He aims to war against infidels, and those of the Faithful who regard him as a False Prophet; against the wealthy, and for the poor; and against all government "except that of God." It is his boasted purpose to overpower the world, and as All-Conqueror to present the world, as El Islam, to the Saviour at the last day—that day soon to be. He is described as a large, heavy man, with a light-brown skin, and black hair. His face always wears a placid smile, and his eyes are miracles of brightness and expression (say the Soudani), or of cruelty and devilry (say the Egyptians.)

His law is submission to El Islam and acknowledgment of his divine mission, or death; and so potent are these means of conversion that he is ruler of the entire Soudan. He is a man of high intelligence, forcible character and education, and because of these attributes he is master. A theologian of El Koran, he understands his religion and its traditions so well that he impresses all as a religious reformer, and the superstitious Soudani as a prophet whom it is wicked to resist.

"You can do as you please," he says to his prisoners and listeners; "believe and obey me and be happy, or disbelieve and disobey and incur Divine vengeance!"

If the first alternative is accepted the proselyte gives his person and property to the cause, and is permitted to live. If the unbeliever persists in his way, El Mahdi, as the instrument of God, uses his sword to promote the vengeance of the Divine One. As the Soudani has an eye for plunder he is readily converted, and El Mahdi gains in power.

*Mahdi*, by the way, means "son (-in-law) of Mohammed"—or, properly written, *Mahommedi*, contracted to Mah'di.

Of Osman Digni, the active lieutenant of El Mahdi, the traveler could gain but one idea: This man's determination is to "ruin Egypt," and he is spoken of as the "one who will terrorize Alexandria." May be!

"Suppose El Mahdi is vanquished—what then?" I asked a leader-chief.

"But he will not be—cannot be!"

"But if—"

"Then he will—*perhaps*—go to America!"

Once more in Lyons. A March morning. Tom Devereire at his desk. M. Delorme enters.

"And is the plan of seeking trade in the Soudan practicable?" asks the senior.

"No," answers Tom; "but I may say *yes* if General Gordon wins his purpose."

"Is the journey pleasurable?"

"Yes, indeed!" I answer. "Take it, by all means, as a vacation trip!"

## LOVE SONG.

YEAR upon year rolls onward in endless succession,  
Flowers ever blooming and birds ever singing in glee;  
But what are the songs of the birds to thy voice, O my darling,  
And what are the slow rolling years to a moment with thee?

The years may roll on if we sit in the lifeboat together,  
The flowers bloom their sweetest to deck thee, sweet one at my side;  
And birds warble gaily a chorus of love at our marriage.  
Lengthen years—sing, O birds—bloom sweet flowers in the path of my bride.

IONE L. JONES.



## THE STORY OF A HOPELESS PATRIOT.

### CHAPTER XI.—THE EVOLUTION OF INIQUITY.

It was a late hour of the night before Thanksgiving-day. Nearly all New York was asleep. Miss Maria Pruden sat in her own room over her father's shop. She had just returned from witnessing the concluding performance of a long and successful run of "Romeo and Juliet" at a Broadway theatre. She had not been impressed with the gloomy side of the tragedy, but, having returned home in a happy mood, she was picturing in her mind a future Romeo who should fulfill the requirements of a judgment more mature and critical than that of the average playgoer.

Miss Pruden threw open the blinds and seated herself in the full glow of the moonlight. The window opened upon the now silent street. Divested of all romance, the room was what is advertised by boarding-house mistresses as "a nice hall-room, suitable for a 'single' lady or gent." There was no need for this dreamer to light the gas, for the moonbeams created a silver halo that enveloped her face and shoulders. Her pensive thoughts reverted to the unfortunate misunderstanding that, five years before, had cost her the ardent affections of a rising physician. Alas! he was lost forever. Having been appointed a deputy coroner, he had since made a fortune and married another woman. Then, curiously enough, a vaguely defined regard for Mr. Gilroy passed through her mind. This was the strangest of all her attachments; but the most unromantic women are often unconscious castle-builders. The admission that she had lost Doctor Dunwell only to bestow her yearning affections upon a man who, probably, would never know of her love, was not pleasant. She had never known Gilroy personally; and yet, strange as it seemed, she had felt a real affection for him, only to have it dispelled by the arrival of another woman. Who was this man, she asked herself, who had crept into her heart even before she had become conscious of her misplaced affection? She then remembered that the woman had not been visible about the house since the day of her arrival. She looked across the street. She saw the dim gaslight in the Limestone Bank on the corner, but all the shops were dark. The restaurant had closed earlier than usual.

The thoroughfare was entirely deserted. No, there was a man slowly coming uptown on the opposite sidewalk. In the glare of the street lamp she saw that he was only a wretched straggler who had passed down a few minutes before, and apart from a sigh for his assumed wife and neglected family, Miss Pruden gave him no attention.

A dull, rumbling sound, followed by a sharp report, burst upon the stillness of the night. Something momentous and terrible had happened—somewhere. Miss Pruden was instantly alert. She thrust her head out of the window and glanced up and down the street. She asked herself why she was so excited. The lone pedestrian on the opposite sidewalk proceeded slowly on his way, and evidently heard not this tremendous noise. Probably her nervous agitation had caused her to bestow more attention to the subject than it deserved. But, at that instant, a light, evidently carried by some one, flitted mysteriously across the upper windows of Gilroy's house opposite. Miss Pruden associated the building with the noise and an appalling theory, without the slightest fact to support it, was instantly fashioned in her mind. Fear and jealousy begat it. Marvelous the fancies that sudden fright and deep-seated covetousness conjure up!

At once Miss Pruden explained to herself all she had heard, seen and imagined during the preceding three months—based upon a hypothesis which her clever coadjutors, jealousy and fear, set up for her. Her verdict, when she found her coy advances made from the window unnoticed, had been: "Gilroy is a rascal, capable of anything." Now, she supplemented that finding with the comments: "The woman! Yes, that woman! Gilroy has shot her, killed her—killed her, dead."

It was only the work of a moment to reach the top of the stairs and to scream twice for her father—who slept in his store, as he had done for a quarter of a century. Awakened from a deep sleep, the ancient seller of hosiery staggered out into the lower hall and fairly groaned:

"Wha—t? Mariar!"

"Murder, father," continued the voice from above. "Gilroy has killed—that woman!"

"Brother Gilroy killed?—Go back ter bed, Mariar. These late hours and this play-actin' 'ull be the ruin of yer—"

"But, father," persisted the maiden, bounding down the stairs, "I heard the shot: it was across the street."

"Mariar, ut's absurd. Gilroy was too keerful," reasoned the old draper, who was still struggling with the two waking ideas in his mind, that Gilroy had been killed or had killed himself. His daughter, however, soon gave an unexpected direction to his thoughts.

"Go at once to the police station," urged the excited woman, as she reappeared from his sleeping-room.



"Here's your long linen coat, father. Here's your shoes. There—your hat's on your head. Nobody's on the street. Run!"

Having jammed his hat over his eyes, she led the old man to the street door and literally pushed him out, and slammed the door.

Thus it was that on this now historic night, a wretched servant girl, kept awake in a basement dining-room by a bad digestion, saw a tall figure enveloped in fluttering white drapery, flit past her window, and this is why she maintains to this hour that she has seen Death walking abroad.

Fortunately, Mr. Pruden arrived at the station-house in an adjacent street before he encountered a policeman. Had he met one, he certainly would have passed the rest of the night in a cell as a dangerous lunatic. Reaching the sergeant's desk in safety, however, he stated that somebody had been shot in the building occupied by Gilroy's restaurant. His daughter had heard the melee, and he, himself—well, he "hadn't just exactly heard the shootin', you see, but he seen the house, and, for sartain, it wore a very suspicious look. A v-e-r-y suspicious look. Indeed, he should say—"

"You should say nothing, sir," thundered Captain Churchill, who made his appearance from an inside room, having been awakened by the furore. "Who are you, coming at this hour of the night to blast the reputation of a good citizen like Gilroy?"

"I am Ezekiel Pruden, a merchant on Greenwich street for twenty-eight year, comin' March," rejoined the complainant promptly, somewhat on his metal, and now wide awake.

"Then, you seriously make the charge?" asked the Captain.

"Seriously? Sartintly—that is, I make it for my daughter."

"Turn out the entire reserves, Sergeant," growled the Captain. "I'll go myself, now I'm up."

The gong thundered, and for five minutes the entire building was in confusion. In the men's quarters the rapid progress of a hasty toilet could be studied. The Captain returned to his room to find his cap and boots, and the Sergeant made the formal entry in the books.

Amid the bustle that was going on around, Father Pruden was able to slip out, and quickly retraced his steps. Having mounted the stairs to his daughter's sitting-room, he approached the window and awaited developments. His faithful child told him in a few sentences how the lounge on the opposite sidewalk had followed his flying footsteps to the corner of the street in which the station-house was located, and how, after waiting there a few moments, he had retraced his course with great haste, in order to let himself into the side door of Gilroy's restaurant. From that door she had not seen him emerge. Even yet the street was silent as a meadow path. It was a night of nights for a great crime!

"And this is Gilroy's end?" Miss Pruden kept asking herself with a monotony that finally proved distressing to her parent.

"Women have proved ther ruin of many's the good man, Mariar," volunteered the old shopkeeper, thinking aloud.

"Yes, that bad woman; it was her work——"

"It mout 'ave been ther eatin'-house, Mariar. We must allow fer the curse overhangin' thet eatin'-house, my child. We shed hope——"

"We should know, father," interrupted the violent

woman, as she drew in her head and shoulders from the window whence she had been peering up the street.

"And we shall know. Here come the police!"

She was right; the blue-coats were coming. They filed across the deserted thoroughfare at the corner above. A brace of trusty men were sent down the adjacent street, to prevent escape in that direction. The main portion of the squad, twelve men, halted in front of the door of Gilroy's restaurant. The moment had come. Father and child, at the window opposite, awaited the *denouement* with feverish anxiety, the old measurer-of-tape muttering to himself:

"Mariar mout be mistakeni."

Every step that Captain Churchill took after leaving the station-house made him more ashamed of the errand on which he was engaged. Any suspicions against Gilroy were dismissed as too absurd for consideration. It was possible that burglars had entered the chop-house, and had murdered its proprietor. This fear incited him to go forward. Gilroy was a valuable man to the neighborhood and must be protected.

When the police captain had properly posted his men so that the burglars, if there were any, could not escape, he went to the street door of the restaurant and gave the bell a lusty pull. Then, with his eyes fixed on the windows of the second story, he waited. No sound from within! He rang again even more vehemently, and was about to give orders to break in the door, when a window slowly opened, and Gilroy's head and shoulders appeared—Gilroy safe and well, but very sleepy.

"What's wanting?" he drawled out, in a half-awake fashion.

"We were informed that burglars had broken into your house and were killing you, Gilroy," said Captain Churchill, who knew the chop-house man well enough to be on his free-luncheon list.

"Oh! it's you, is it, Captain?" said Gilroy, quickly, recognizing him apparently by his voice. "I've hardly got my eyes open yet. I see you've your men with you, too. I'm much obliged, but there's nobody in the house, so far as I know."

"That's what I thought," muttered the Captain. Then, turning to his men, he said:

"Fall in, column of twos; about face, forward——"

Just at that moment a shrill shout, startling and unexpected, rang out on the night air from a window on the opposite side of the avenue. It was a woman's voice that screamed:

"There they go! On the roof! See them! See them! Stop thieves!"

Captain Churchill and his men sprang into the middle of the street barely in time to see three figures traversing the roofs of the houses at the extreme upper end of the block. Before he and his officers had recovered from their surprise the persons had disappeared.

Gilroy had drawn his head inside the window the instant the shout was heard, and only stopping long enough to seize a flat package which he fastened inside his underclothing, made his appearance at the street door, demanding excitedly where the burglars were. He carried his coat and vest in his hand, having evidently caught them up as he ran from his room. What the police overlooked in the excitement of the moment was that his shoes were entirely laced up. He threw the door wide open, and urged the policemen to hurry up to the roof. He even followed them half-way up the first flight of stairs; but he quickly descended, and, under the excuse of aiding in the search, he hurried rapidly up the street, and was soon lost to sight.

Meanwhile, Captain Churchill, having explored the roof only to find that the scuttle of a neighboring house had been wrenched off, and that the burglars had effected their escape, returned to Gilroy's building. He called the name of the proprietor loudly at the top of the stairs, but did not receive any answer. Then, in company with a few of his men, he began to explore the upper rooms of Gilroy's house, to assure himself that none of the burglars was hidden in the closets or under the beds. The strangest circumstance he observed was that there were several beds in the various rooms, all unmade. But not a single person save Gilroy had he seen.

Finally the door of a rear room was opened, and to the Captain's surprise, the apartment contained a workbench, a lathe, a grindstone and a combination "jimmy" of great strength for forcing open safe doors. When Churchill saw this his policeman's instinct reasserted itself over his strong social feelings. He clutched one of his men by the arm and whispered in his ear:

"Hurry down stairs and arrest Gilroy at once. Take him straight to the station-house with a couple of men. I don't want to see him."

The officer sprang down the steps to carry out the orders, but soon returned with the unpleasant news that Gilroy couldn't be found.

It was now only the work of a few minutes to descend into the cellar. Churchill was completely mystified, but there he found what brought the cold perspiration to his face. Beyond the sawdust-filled partition, which had served its purpose as a deadener of sound, was a steam drilling apparatus, power being supplied from the innocent-looking iron boiler at the other end of the cellar. Near the drill was a hole in the cellar wall, opening directly into the vault of the Limestone Bank. Through the aperture shone the light of a candle that had been left inside the vault. Captain Churchill was thus enabled to see that the safe doors had been blown off, and that the bank had been robbed. This, then, was the noise which the woman had heard! Why had he not come more quickly? Many regrets filled his breast.

The delay in getting the police to the place had been ample for the requirements of the burglars. Captain Churchill found, on crawling through into the vault, that the floor was littered with unnegotiable papers, while all the money and bonds had been taken. He was so overcome with the strange turn events had taken that he lost much precious time in returning to the station-house and sending out a general alarm.

As soon as the officers of the bank could be sent for, the astounding discovery was made that eight hundred thousand dollars in cash had been taken, besides a large quantity of bonds that were convertible into money if quickly handled. The directors were summoned. Mr. Catesberry, the cashier, was greatly excited, and shed tears in the fullness of his sympathy. So much did this misfortune overcome him that he was confined to his house for several days by nervous prostration.

A careful though hasty examination of the cash book showed that every cent in the custody of the institution had been safe in its vaults. All was gone. Not a dollar in cash had been overlooked by the burglars.

The effect upon the tradesmen of Greenwich Street may be imagined. The curse on the restaurant, that all had believed in, entered nearly every home and made its occupants miserable for years. Many persons sold their merchandise and good will for what they could get and left the neighborhood. Several ruined shop-keepers

took their lives. Since Fate was clearly their foe, death was the safest refuge.

None of the burglars was caught. The detectives did not detect any better than they do nowadays.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DINNER AT "THE WILLOWS."

THERE is a crisis in every young man's life. The night on the cliff had set Walter to thinking. Mootla, who had called herself "a college widow," more in a spirit of self-abnegation than reality, had shown him the folly of boyhood. The disclosure brought some regrets. Unlike that adolescent stage in which the voice is broken only to take on greater volume and strength, this mental change from boy to man often occurs in an instant of time. Misfortune or joy, sudden humiliation or awakened pride may work the transmutation. However it come, there is a moment in which the young man recognizes calmly the demands that society—the society of tradition—makes upon him, and resolutely, defiantly, it may be, prepares to meet them. From that time, he thinks, acts, even walks, differently. It is the end not of physical, but mental youth. Physically the era of youth may run a lifetime. Age may be defined as dating from that unhappy hour in which we begin to take care of our health. While we can play havoc with our physical constitutions; can eat, drink, sleep, aye, love with impunity—without penalty, punishment, or thought of the future—then, then are we young. But with that evil day in which we must regulate our diet, dilute our tea, count our cigars, measure our liquors, time our hours of sleep, and give up our affairs of the heart, comes old age!

Walter was sitting in his dormitory. He was in a brown study this beautiful November morning. So deeply was his mind engaged that he couldn't keep a cigar alight. A knock at his door! He hardly heard it; no impression was made on his senses, and he remained silent. The knock was repeated, but it was not until the departing footsteps of the person without were heard that Walter awakened from his reverie. He sprang to the door, threw it wide open, and called the retreating figure back. It was Jack Burnaby, who, turning quickly, asked:

"Why didn't you answer, Rawson?"

"I don't know, unless I was making a study of human nature," rejoined Walter, smiling.

"Confound your frankness. Wanted to see whether I'd try the door-knob, or walk in without asking, did you?"

"No, honestly. I'm sick of college life, and was trying to devise some reasonable excuse for going home!"

"Which is it?" asked Jack. "A girl, or a 'condition' on the last examination?"

"Oh, my standing in the class is all right," Walter hurried to say.

"Then it's a girl. Poor fellow!" And Jack affected to commiserate his friend, sorrowfully.

Walter rose, threw off his house jacket, and assumed a walking coat. He then looked at his watch and said:

"I ordered the team for eleven; it's due now." Looking out of the window, he descried the handsome pair of chestnut horses that he kept at a stable up in the town.

"Here we are, Burnaby; let's go at once."

"I'm ready," answered Jack, lighting a cigar.

"Your uncle lives out on the turnpike, doesn't he?"  
 "Yes; in a great stone house, back among a clump of trees."

"I know the place well. Drove past there the other afternoon. Mighty comfortable-looking homestead, I tell you."

"You'll see the prettiest feature about it after we get inside the house," continued Walter, as they descended the stairs.

"An odd Queen Anne staircase, perhaps?"

"No, indeed," answered Walter, laughing heartily.

"Warn me in advance. Surprises 'break me up.' What shall I see?"

"A pretty girl."

"Your uncle's adopted child?"

"Yes."

"The young lady with the odd name, that I have heard Mr. Mather mention so often at your rooms, I presume," said Jack Burnaby, half interrogatively.  
 "Is she really interesting, Walter?"

"She's clever as a fairy princess," answered he with real enthusiasm.

The young men climbed into the light buggy, and the spirited horses dashed off toward "The Willows" the instant they were given their heads by the stableman. Walter was taking his friend, at Cotton Mather's invitation, to Thanksgiving dinner at the old homestead.

Mootla was standing at the front door to welcome them, so Jack Burnaby inspected the chief article of *vertu* before entering the house. She wore a closely-fitting garnet cashmere dress, richly trimmed. It was a very pretty picture that the open doorway, with its shadowy background, presented. Never was Mootla's manner more easy when introduced to a stranger, or her laugh more gleeful, than when she greeted Walter. She led the way into the great hall, where the butler hastened to take off the top-coats of the visitors. Young Burnaby was much struck with the girl's pretty face.

Entering the drawing-room, Walter was surprised to find two young ladies and a young man already there. Mootla presented the new comers. The visitors were the Wharton sisters and a Mr. Lorrison who accompanied them. A moment later, Cotton Mather came in from another part of the house, with a sedate-looking man whom he presented to Walter and Jack, as soon as he had warmly welcomed them himself. He was the girls' father, Mr. Wharton. As Mather introduced Burnaby, he found opportunity to whisper in the ear of his elder visitor: "Son of the great Burnaby, of the New York *Cyclone*." There was an expression on Father Wharton's face that appeared indescribably funny to Walter.

"Who is he?" asked Walter, the moment he got Mootla's ear.

"An innocent old guy, who lives down the road a bit," she answered.

"Isn't he a preacher?"

"No; he's in the hat business, I believe. Uncle Cotton fancies the old man, and I try to like the girls."

"On the principle that one knows a person better after she has fought her; eh, Mootla?" suggested Walter, smiling, as he recalled what she had told him of the scene at the Morton school.

"Not exactly that. I have outgrown my girlish dislikes, just as Mabel has outlived her lisp. Even the younger girl does not 'toe in' any longer. I can forgive, and they appear to have forgotten."

"Don't you believe it, Mootla. Look out for them," said Walter.

"Why, we were mere children when that happened."

"It's my turn to advise. I say, 'Look out!'"

"I don't see what they came for, anyhow. Uncle invited the old gentleman over, and he brought the girls, and Mabel's beau, with him. I'm sorry, for I thought we'd have a nice, quiet time of it," she concluded petulantly.

"Say, Mootla; I see old Pop Wharton has pinned Jack already," and Walter chuckled to himself. "He looks like such an infernal old bore."

"And so he is. We must save Mr. Burnaby," she answered.

"If I'm not mistaken, Jack will take care of himself. Suppose we leave him to his fate. Ask the girls and the young 'awell' to join us, and we'll take a stroll in the conservatory among the flowers."

Poor Burnaby was writhing under a most distasteful inquisition. The "boss hatter" was putting questions to him somewhat like these:

"You'll succeed your father? Easy business to learn? Anybody can manage a newspaper? Brought up in it, doubtless? Are editors well paid? How many columns does each man write in a day? Has your father been long in the business? How much did he have to start *The Cyclone*? Does he own it entirely? How many copies does it circulate? What does it earn yearly? Is it the best paper in New York? Do people advert-ise in it? What is its politics?—"

"Really, you must excuse me," said Burnaby, finally, rising frigidly.

A moment more and he would have made his escape, but Mr. Mather, having chucked Mootla under the chin, came over to the group, and, unconscious of the above cross-examination, said:

"Great property, *The Cyclone*, I tell you, Wharton. I'd rather control that journal than be President of the United States."

"I was just asking Mr. Burnaby about it," answered Wharton.

"Yes, the gentleman was manifesting a kind interest in the matter," said Burnaby, with just a trace of irony in his voice that the shipping merchant detected. "Perhaps he's a newspaper publisher himself."

"No, sir," promptly rejoined Mr. Wharton. "I am a wholesaler of hats and caps."

"Indeed!" said Burnaby, seizing the cue quickly.

"Know the whole business, doubtless?"

"Yes, I flatter myself I do."

"Did you succeed your father?"

"No, I am a self-made man," was the pompous rejoinder.

"Began in a small way, then?" continued Burnaby, pressing his advantage home.

"A man ought to start at the bottom."

"Certainly," commented Burnaby. "Worked as an apprentice? Grew up in it? Easy to learn, I suppose? How many hats can you make a day? Are the wages high? Could you 'block a hat for fifty cents' while I wait? How much money, or how many hats did you start with? Big store? Much trade? Nothing like hats, eh? Yours the best in Boston? How much do you get apiece for them? What becomes of the old hats?"

Burnaby's courtesy was marked. He drove the gaff into the old man's throat according to the most approved rules of the cock-pit, putting every question with an increased manifestation of curiosity. It was not long before the old hatter realized he was being spitted, and tried to wriggle into some other theme.



He couldn't get away from Burnaby. Cotton Mather was in a fog of mystification. He knew nothing of the young man's provocation, but he could see that Wharton was thoroughly miserable. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

Mootla re-entered from the hall with her companions and checked the conversation, which was becoming decidedly uncomfortable for Wharton and Mather. Mr. Burnaby excused himself and stepped over to the young ladies. He had hardly time to begin a chat with Miss Mabel Wharton before the butler entered to announce dinner. He promptly offered the lady his arm; Walter gave his to the younger sister, and Mr. Lorrison, their companion, took Mootla out.

The dining-room, which was open into the conservatory, was filled with the fragrance of flowers, and in the centre of the table was a bright bed of roses. Burnaby was seated on Mootla's right, and Mr. Wharton was gratified to find himself at the upper end of the table, close to his host. The dinner was excellent, and well served, with two exceptions that Burnaby could not avoid observing. Instead of being warm the claret was hot, while the turnips were hard and cold. He could not repress a secret feeling of surprise that the wine had been boiled instead of the vegetables.

"Do you enjoy Herbert Spencer?" Miss Mabel Wharton asked Burnaby.

Walter and Mootla exchanged glances with the rapidity of lightning. Walter said with his eyes, "Didn't I tell you she meditated trouble?" Mootla's retinæ flashed back the confession, "I might have expected it." Burnaby was not disconcerted in the slightest degree. He calmly replied:

"Frankly, no. I do not relish his philosophy; but I've read so little of his work, perhaps, that I have no right to sit in judgment."

"Why, Mr. Burnaby, I'm surprised," said Miss Mabel. "He's great. What have you dipped into?"

"Let me see. I used to read him in the English quarterly reviews, *The Westminster*, if I remember. I believe I digested some of his essays on "Personal Beauty," "Gracefulness," or something of the kind."

"And you haven't formed any opinion?"

"Excuse me, but I didn't say that."

"Then I must insist on an estimate of his intensity."

"He certainly is a creature of stupendous ideas," said Jack Burnaby, slowly. "Perhaps he was intended for some large planet and only lodged on earth by mistake. In Jupiter, I dare say, he'd do well enough, but here he's 'a misfit.'" Then he added in a low voice, "Your papa will tell you what that means."

Miss Mabel's eyes flashed. Walter was watching her carefully, while he tried to keep up a conversation with the sister. He made an effort to catch Mootla's glance again to warn her of the danger, but she carefully avoided his eyes. Could it be that she welcomed war at her own table? Mather and Wharton were talking earnestly together in low tones about the value of real estate in the neighborhood and chiefly intent on their dinner and the wine.

Walter was in despair; he "looked daggers" at Jack, who returned his stare as unconcerned as an old offender.

"I admire him, chiefly because he's a noble defender of the rights of woman," said Miss Wharton, sententiously.

"Does he class her among 'the Unknowable'? When we decide what we don't know we can begin to eat celery," said Walter, with much affected seriousness, as he bit the end off a stalk of that vegetable.

"No, indeed," answered Miss Wharton, haughtily. "He says, 'Equity knows no difference of sex.'"

"Yes, but he cites the English statute, still respected by Parliament, which permits a man to beat his wife in moderation, or to imprison her in any room in his house," said Burnaby.

"Only to condemn it," was the quick explanation.

"In the sentence that follows, perhaps; but his whole system of sociology sets out to prove that all we have of good or bad in society is the growth of evolution. He applies evolution to sociology, as Darwin does to Zoology. Therefore, whatever is best, because it is the product of the survival of the better."

"But he defends woman," argued Miss Wharton.

"Again you mistake him," continued Burnaby, realizing that he was combating the young lady's most cherished belief. "He simply names several queens, artists, novelists and scientists among the sex, and dogmatically affirms that they are the intellectual equals of any member of the race of man. By the side of Alexander or Caesar, for instance, he would put Zenobia or Maria Theresa. With Newton he would match Mrs. Somerville; Fielding or Dickens he would check off with Miss Austin, Mme. Dauberval, or forsooth, Hannah More. To show the absurdity of that reasoning, I doubt if two of us at this table have the same estimate of any of these persons in history or literature."

"I see nothing repugnant in the command and the responsibility of man," said Mootla.

Miss Mabel Wharton was silent. She had discovered that, although Burnaby did not claim to know anything of the new Synthetic Philosophy, he was quite as well informed about it as she was.

"I fear that you're an enemy of the sex," purred the younger sister, looking straight across the table at Mr. Burnaby.

"Indeed I'm not, Miss Olive. Though I admit that the ladies are a mystery to me," answered Jack.

"He admits it, do you hear?" exclaimed Miss Mabel vaguely.

"Yes, I do," granted Jack Burnaby. "We can't all be Herbert Spencers; we can't all be handsome, for instance, and by a natural process of reasoning I could prove, without resort to a book of logarithms, that we can't all be women."

"It's a great pity," said Miss Mabel, catching at the only straw afloat.

"I take it we are willing to admit, for argument's sake, that a few men are a necessary evil," suggested Mootla, good humoredly.

"In order that the lovelier and better part of humanity may see, by frightful example, what it has escaped," added Burnaby.

"Natural modesty," rejoined Mootla, "prevents our sex from saying much for itself."

"So the delightful duty devolves perforce on the other sex," interjected Walter, again taking a hand in the general conversation.

"We could not speak unkindly of the ladies if we would, for a man can't kick his mother," said Mr. Lorrison, feeling called on to add something to the discussion.

"At least not with impunity," added Burnaby, quickly.

"I mean the present state of public sentiment is opposed to it," echoed Lorrison, looking very solemn and inclined to suspect that he was about to be guyed in his turn.

"For my part," resumed Burnaby, "I have the

greatest respect for the ladies. They are the loveliest, daintiest bric-a-brac imaginable."

"But they require cautious handling," exclaimed Miss Wharton.

"True; one can't drop them without regret," retorted Burnaby.

"And they certainly can't be 'picked up for a song,' as the china gatherers say," added Mootla.

There was an ominous silence in the general conversation for a few moments as the last course of the dinner prior to the dessert was removed.

"Very fine fruit," said Mr. Wharton, vaguely, almost the only word he had spoken for all ears at the table since sitting down. The purpose of the remark, as well as its malice, was evident when he added: "How much would the pears cost in New York, Mr. Burnaby?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," rejoined the young man, with the most innocent look imaginable, "I am not a green grocer, nor did I ever go to market."

Swords were crossed again, but Burnaby's guard was so strong that the elder man couldn't break it down.

"I gathered them myself and wrapped them in tissue-paper," added Mootla, who had been arranging with Walter for a drive during the week, and had only heard Mr. Wharton's first remark in praise of the fruit.

"I thought you had, for when you came in to the room where Mr. Burnaby and papa were talking they looked at you as if to say 'How black she is getting,'" retorted Miss Mabel.

Burnaby looked the young lady who had spoken as nearly in the face as he could from his position by her side. Then, turning to Mootla who was growing pale, he asked, with the art of a Metternich:

"I am not a citizen of this glorious Commonwealth. Will you, therefore, instruct me, Miss Mootla?"

"Certainly," she managed to say.

"Which course shall I follow to conform to your code? Shall I contradict Miss Wharton, or shall I tell you, my dear miss, that I think you as fair as a lily?"

"In either case, Mr. Burnaby, I should be proud of your good opinion," answered Mootla, as the faintest blush of maidenhood appeared at her temples and slowly spread down her pale cheeks. Burnaby's words made her inexpressibly happy. He was so clever, she thought; and she loved all clever people, her conscience told her.

Thus was the dinner finished in safety, though that most unhappy social phenomenon—a woman's quarrel—hung over the feast. Mootla had prepared a novelty, just before the coffee, in the shape of roasted pistachio nuts, served with a small glass of port. These were brought on, after four kinds of pies, in a hot napkin and in their shells, which opened like mussels.

Despite the mishaps of the dinner, the occasion was eminently instructive to Walter. Mootla's self-control under great provocation, her tact, which alone had prevented a re-opening of the old feud between her and the Wharton girls, had not escaped him. As hostess, she was in no way to blame for the exhibition of ill-nature which her guardian's guests had shown, and the toleration she had displayed, simply because the affair had occurred in her house (or because Mr. Burnaby was present?) stamped her as a young woman of shrewdness.

As they drove home together Burnaby talked to Walter much of Mootla. Visibly, she had made a lasting impression on him; and though Walter was only able to partly explain the motive for the conduct of the Wharton girls, it was undeniable that every act of Mootla's had only increased the devotion which the two young men felt for her.

The more Walter saw of Burnaby the greater his respect for the newspaper became. He already recognized it as the real source of a large part of his information. Burnaby believed that the daily newspaper should be suited to all classes and tastes; that no single reader was expected to peruse its entire contents. A shop owner did not hope to sell his whole stock to the first comer who entered. Walter had studied the newspaper from a commercial vantage point likewise, and he saw that it was the only form in which literature paid its way.

As soon as he was alone that evening Walter resumed the theme which had engaged his thoughts so earnestly in the morning. It required little wisdom to discover that the paths of trade chiefly led to wealth. He nipped in its incipency all tendency to be a literary idolater, and made an end at the beginning. He loaded up his pipe and tried to reason it out with himself. Admitting that a commercial life was his destiny, why waste his best years in school? To go on, or to stop where he was? That was the problem. The longer he pondered it the deeper his perplexity became. Mechanically, he resolved to submit his future course to the arbitrament of chance—the Delphic oracle of the American college boy. The talisman was a gold coin which he always carried about him. Many questions, serious and trifling, had it decided for him. Even knotty points of class-room diplomacy had been submitted to it. When it rained or snowed, "heads or tails" decided whether he should go to recitation or stay in his rooms. The same agency sometimes decreed that he should devote an evening to billiards instead of Aeschines. So there appeared nothing phenomenal in his act as he gave the coin a ringing toss toward the ceiling, listened to its hum until it struck the floor, and then lighted a match to find it. No doubts as to the wisdom of such an arbitrament disturbed his mind. The oracle must speak. On his knees, muttering, "Heads, I go; tails, I stay," he prosecuted the search until he saw the gold piece with the face side upward. Liberty had spoken! He was as firmly decided to leave college as though he had reasoned it out after weeks of thought.

Trifling and silly are some of the guides to human action. In the Navy it is the unwritten maxim with the officers of the deck—"When in doubt, in the face of imminent danger, do nothing." In other words, let things take their own course. Why not appeal to chance in doubtful moments? It is an element that enters into human existence so largely that the man who allows it to direct his course may be the wisest of philosophers. He has, at least, the frankness to admit an influence secretly recognized in the mind of man since his career on earth began.

While Walter was in this mood there came a knock at the door. He rose and opened it. A telegraph boy handed him a message. He tore it open hastily. It was from his mother. It informed him, in ten words, of the robbery of the Limestone Bank the night before, and the loss of the assets of the family therein deposited. Great as the shock was, Walter's youth enabled him to recover from it almost immediately. He had decided a quarter of an hour before to leave Cambridge; now there could not be any delay. Most of the night was spent in packing his trunks.

The following morning he drove over to "The Willows" to say farewell. Until she heard his determination, Mootla had been unusually bright and happy. Looking at her beaming face, it would have been impossible to read there any ghastly family secret such as had been confided to him. So closely was it guarded that

her benefactor, Cotton Mather, had never gained a hint of it. There was another and more potent reason for the fading out of the terrible vision of her girlhood. To put it bluntly, Mootla suspected that the man who had enacted the tragedy in the carpenter shop was not her father. This mental admission was a great comfort to her, and in making it the respect for her mother's memory did not suffer in the slightest degree.

Mootla's manner toward Walter had become more sincerely affectionate since their chat on the cliff two months before. The reason was that, bit by bit, she had gleaned from him the story of his escapade with the pauper woman. She easily fixed the identity of the suffering mother. Walter stood revealed to her as the benefactor of a woman whom all the world, even her daughter, had ignored.

Before Walter had been gone from Cambridge a day, Mootla had awakened to a new grief. She was in awful doubt whether her poor mother was dead, as she had always been told. She secretly determined to visit Crummet and make amends for what seemed heartless ingratitude. It was easy to convince the merchant that he had business in New York. Mootla accompanied

him. Once there, she frankly confessed her purpose in coming. Cotton Mather hardly knew what to say. He assured her that he had a copy of the official record of her mother's death. He begged her not to visit Crummet, and pointed out the impossibility of going with her. In the impetuosity of his feelings he confessed so much that he was forced, in justice to the dead woman, to tell Mootla the sad truth.

She was not crushed under the blow. She had so far anticipated it that no long dormant filial love gorged her heart with emotion.

"I must go alone," she said.

The following day a lady dressed in deep black went to Crummet by rail, secured a carriage, and was driven to Hopewell House. After a long search, with the aid of a gentle country parson who had read a priceless prayer over the corpse, the last resting-place of "Mrs. Alice" was found. Without difficulty a permit was obtained to remove the coffin to the cemetery in the village. A lot was bought, and when the unknown stranger visited the place on the following day the transfer had been made. The mound was sodded, but no grave-stone was ever set.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

### A Little Leaven in the Loaf of Civilization.

SOCIETY "dines"; the great unwashed "eats"; between the two extremes the vast public that we are enjoined against calling the middle class "has dinner."

The one is ceremoniously "served"; the other, thankful for the privilege if it is presented, "helps itself"; the third is neither well served, nor satisfied to serve itself, knowing that better things are due it.

One of the most serious defects in the household management of the latter class is to be found in the existing table-manners. In the greater number of such households the mother of the family is the cook, or one servant divides with her the duties of cook and nursemaid, serving in the latter capacity to the infant tyrant while the rest of the family get through the meal with the minimum of confusion.

To many housekeepers who value highly an orderly and decent conduct of family as well as company dinners, this is one of the heaviest crosses entailed by necessity for economy in living, and many a woman whose hospitality in the first days of her married life was a delight to be thankfully enjoyed, comes to dread the advent of "company" only less than her friends dread the discomfort of a dinner "with those children." There seems to be two ways of dealing with these impedimenta to social enjoyment. If the mother is indulgent and the children spoiled, the conversation at such times is confined to reproofs for misbehavior and restraints and refusals for over-indulgence in dishes that tempt the appetite. If good discipline prevails, the little ones "wait" with many an unspoken appeal for a speedy conclusion of the feast, made by wistful gaze in at open doors, or whispered comments to each other as they tiptoe past the dining-room, "hungrier," they declare, "than ever in their life before." The succession of courses, if the one servant is called in, is made to the music of the baby abandoned to its own devices for the time, or the harmony of the repast is marred by the mistress of the house herself performing the duties of dining-room servant.

There is a medium that might be adopted with a visible increase of comfort and good training. Good manners and acceptable service will sweeten the dinner of herbs almost as much as the sentiment called for by Solomon in his proverb, and to a person accustomed to such service its absence is not unlikely to make unpalatable the most appetizing dishes. If the disorder we deplore in our homes is often due to the little ones, it is also true that they are the best instruments to use against it. No mother, however humble her circumstances, but what may find, about the time she begins to despair, her help at hand. Call the children to your aid, and to teach them the art of being served, teach them to serve. If everything else in the house goes at loose ends because there are not hands enough to gather them up, have the conduct of the table decorous. As good service as I have ever seen, because done quietly, neatly and deftly, was in a family where the mother had, before her marriage, been a domestic servant. Fortunately, she was sensible enough to see that the admirable manners of her employers were not bought with their money. Her husband was prospering in his business, and like many other Americans saw no reason why his boy might not be President of the United States. When he is, his manners will not shame his office. Admiration of the good housekeeping, evident on all sides, elicited the fact that ambition to rise in the social scale was attended by the sensible resolve that the children should be fitted for good society so far as she could teach them.

"I always pitied rich people who didn't know how to behave, and I've seen many a one who never could learn table manners. Dinner in courses," the little woman declared, "is always respectable, even if there are only two. We always serve dinner in courses."

At one side of the tiny dining-room stood a butler's tray, "bought at second-hand," she explained, "but it's just the thing for the girls."

The girls—two bright-eyed, clean-handed little damsels of six and eight years—made the tour of the table twice, the younger collecting in a papier-mâché basin the silver, in



another the smaller plates, while the older, following her around, collected first the glasses, next the dinner plates, the low butler's tray received their loads, and one collected the pretty individual salts in a low flat box, while the other dextrously brushed the cloth. Then the bell was rung for the kitchen girl, who removed on her tray the heavy dishes and placed the dessert and tea-tray upon the table and withdrew. One child carried around the tea, the other the pudding. Not the least amusing part of the performance was the attitude of the two boys who were taught to "watch papa, and do as gentlemen do." Small chance for irregular behaviour on the part of a father who saw himself copied with such perfect faith. Undoubtedly it was a discipline he would be glad to have owed to his own childhood, but I must say he bore it bravely. If I own to some surprise at finger bowls and napkins for even the youngest, it is not because I deem them out of place on the plainest table, and the good results of what the neighbors called "putting on airs and aping city fashions" was apparent enough and admirable enough to make a strong plea for a more general adoption of such methods for making our homes pleasanter, and ourselves less dependent upon illy trained servants who may, at a moment's notice, vacate their places, leaving us unserved.

MAY COLE BAKER.

#### Women at Work.

THERE is one woman who persistently retreats to the background whenever slightest hint is given of desire to make her work better known, or, rather, of insisting that her connection with it shall be better known. There is a certain refreshment in her position. Notoriety, recognition, applause—all the objects for which weaker sisters work more or less consciously—are set aside, and work for the work's sake seems to hold full satisfaction. Personally, such withdrawal is in order, and were it not that every woman whose name is identified with good work or high aims, in any direction, owes it to all other women to make plain the path she has marked out for herself, there should be no trespassing on the individual right to silence. Many good works have had their inception in the big heart and clear brain of Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, of Philadelphia. The New Century Club, in some points the most practical and successful organization of women in the country, owed to her presidency some of its most efficient action, the New Century Cooking School being one of its earliest accomplishments. Evening classes for working women followed, and have for several years been crowded with pupils, and the past year has seen quite as successful an undertaking in "The Working Woman's Guild," designed to give guidance, instruction, and amusement also to its constantly increasing members. In the beginning such a guild was regarded as impracticable. Petty jealousies, dread of dictation, and other causes, it was insisted, would prevent any real relation between directors and members, or even the members themselves.

None of the apprehended evils arose. A sense of fellowship seemed born with the Guild itself, though to lookers-on or workers for it, it was plain that such fellowship owed its freedom and friendliness to the untiring interest of the chief worker and founder, who does not limit herself to the practical side of life alone, but has given us some of the most graceful as well as suggestive poems of the time.

To-day there is even thought in the Guild of owning a whole building and spreading over more adequate and comfortable space the library, the class-rooms and pleasant parlors, where tired women, cramped in forlorn boarding-houses, have found cheerful and always attractive resting-place, and a sense of warm, helpful friendliness in every day of their connection with the new undertaking.

Boffin's Bower, in Boston, has done in part the same work, but there is room in every large town in the country for similar organizations, and better work for women by women could hardly be done.

But little space remains for the mention of other women at work, though the month holds its full quota of those who have scored their mark, here at college graduation, there in profession or journalistic work, or in some new phase of philanthropic labors. Two graduates from Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, demand a word.

Dr. McGillivray, one of the first three women to graduate from the medical department of Queen's University, besides passing honorably in her strictly professional examinations, carried off the University gold medal for Chemistry in Arts, and Miss Fitzgerald was one of the two who graduated in the arts course. She took the Prince of Wales gold medal for proficiency in Greek, and passed the best examination in that language of any student, of either sex, who has graduated from Queen's University.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have heard of a new sort of charlotte russe—a strawberry charlotte—but cannot find a rule in any cook-book accessible to us. Will the Household give us one, and oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Charlotte, N. C.

No better rule is to be had than that of Mrs. Lincoln, the dish being exceedingly simple for anything so delicious. The ingredients are: One-third of a box of gelatine, one-third of a cup of cold water, one-third of a cup of boiling water, one cup of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and the whites of three eggs. Soak the gelatine in cold water until it is soft; when it is well softened, pour on the boiling water and add the sugar and lemon juice; strain the well-stirred mixture through a fine strainer, over which a napkin has been laid. It must be made in an earthen dish, and the dish should be proportionately quite large, as the cream will increase in bulk as it is beaten. Set this dish with the strained liquid into a pan of ice-water; beat the whites of the eggs stiff, and when the lemon jelly begins to harden beat it vigorously until it is light; then add the beaten eggs, and whip the whole until it is stiff enough to drop. Use a wooden spoon for the beating; if, in passing the spoon over the bottom of the bowl, you feel lumps forming, you may know that the gelatine is hardening too rapidly and irregularly. Set your dish in hot water for a few moments until lumps disappear, beating all the while. When the lumps are all melted, set back again to cool. Line a bowl with fresh strawberries, reserving a few for garnishing; pour the cream into the nest of strawberries, and set on the ice to cool and harden; when you are ready to serve it, turn it into a dish, put more berries on the top, setting them with the apex of the berry pointing upward. Put whipped cream around the base, and send powdered sugar around with the charlotte.

My wife desires me to ask the "Household" if there is anything that will remove purple or violet ink-stains from white goods. It may have been caused by ink called "Carter's." Don't remember as to the "brand" we were using at the time. Also a good receipt for coffee cake made with yeast.

Ink-stains of long standing may be removed by a solution containing three oz. of muriatic acid with three oz. of tin-salt, or proto-chloride of tin. Salts of lemon are usually effectual with all ordinary stains. Coffee cake is made with soda, as it contains molasses which is rather incompatible with yeast, the combination requiring a little soda to ensure against souring.

MRS. CAMPBELL—Dear Madam: The recipes you published for my benefit, a short time since, proved so much better than any I had tried before, that I venture to ask for some others.

Will you kindly publish, whenever convenient, your recipes for pound-cake, white fruit-cake, and yellow sponge-cake? Thanking you for your kindness,

I remain, respectfully,  
Davenport, Iowa.

Mrs. B.

**POUND CAKE.**—One pound of sifted flour, one of powdered sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, nine eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; one teaspoonful of baking-power, and one of lemon extract; one nutmeg grated. Cream the butter and add half the flour, sifting the baking-powder with the other half. Beat the yolks to a smooth cream and add; and then the sugar, beating hard. Have the whites a stiff froth and stir in, adding flavoring and remainder of flour. Bake in one large loaf, one hour, in a moderate oven, lining the pan with buttered paper.

**WHITE FRUIT-CAKE.**—One pound of powdered sugar, one half-pound of butter, one small cup of milk, six whites of eggs, three-quarters of a pound of flour, in which two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder are sifted; one pound of raisins, seeded and chopped fine; half a pound each of figs, dates, blanched almonds and citron, chopped fine. Cream the butter, add the sugar and then the milk, and the stiffly beaten whites. Sift in the flour slowly, beating hard. Add the fruit, and bake about one hour

and a half, in a moderate oven, in pans lined with paper. Cover top with paper if in danger of browning too quickly.

**SPONGE-CAKE.**—One pound of the finest granulated or of powdered sugar, sifted; half a pound of sifted flour, ten eggs, grated rind of two lemons, and the juice of one, and a saltspoonful of salt. Break the eggs, yolks and whites separately, and beat the yolks to a creamy froth. Beat the whites till they can be turned upside down without spilling. Stir sugar into yolks; add lemon rind and juice, then the whites, and last the flour. Bake in two loaves, for half an hour, testing with a broom splinter. If it comes out dry they are done. The "brick loaf" tin pan is the best shape for sponge-cake.

"How can we stain a floor to imitate oak successfully and yet cheaply?  
P. M. B., Austin, Texas.

"A good, cheap oak stain is made of equal parts of American potash and pearlsh, two ounces of each to a quart of water. As American potash is a solvent, care must be taken to keep it from the hands, and an old brush should be used, as it is of no good afterwards. This stain can be kept corked in a bottle, and is useful to have in the house in case the floors are scratched, when it may be used to repair them. If the color is too deep it may be weakened with water.

## MIGMA.

A CORRESPONDENT requests us to state plainly the "objection, if any there be, to the course of the *Independents* who refuse to submit to the nomination of "Blaine and Logan, and are yet unwilling to refrain "from the performance of their political duty. The "course of the Massachusetts Independents," he continues, "seems to me to be the only one that a "conscientious and patriotic Republican who does not "approve of the style of politics represented by the "candidates can consistently adopt."

We stated in our last the three courses that are open to the voter who has heretofore acted with the Republican party, but who finds himself unable to accord his support to the nominees of the Chicago Convention. He may

1—Not vote at all or take any active part in the campaign.

2—Vote for an independent candidate.

3—Vote for the Democratic nominee.

By the first of these courses the voter says two things: (1) While I am still much more nearly in accord with the principles of the Republican party than with those of its opponent, I cannot approve its action in nominating the candidates it has selected; (2) My scruples are so serious that I do not feel justified in waiving them in order to secure the defeat of the Democratic party. The second course merely emphasizes the dissatisfaction of the voter, and may possibly lay the basis for a new party in the future. The voter may adopt either of these courses, and still, properly and legitimately, claim to be a Republican.

When, however, the antagonism becomes so strong that the voter believes it would be better for the country that the principles and policy of the Democratic party should prevail in the administration of the country than that the Republican party should control under the leadership of the nominees it has selected, then it becomes the duty of the citizen to vote with the

Democratic party and use his influence for the success of its nominees. When he does this, however, the voter becomes a Democrat, and is no longer a Republican. There is no middle ground, and no reasonable escape from this conclusion. A convert to Rome might as well call himself a Presbyterian after baptism as for a man who has deliberately concluded that his duty required him to promote the success of Democracy, to claim thereafter to be a Republican. This is our first objection to such action as has been taken by the Massachusetts Independents. They say that they have "met in conference as *Republicans* . . . to take action in opposition to the nomination of James G. Blaine," etc. The second of the resolutions adopted by them reads, "That we look with solicitude to the nomination of the Democratic party. They have proper men, and we hope they will put them before the people for election." If these words mean anything it is that if the Democratic party will nominate certain men they will support them. This they have the undoubted right to do; but they have no right to claim to do it "as Republicans." A party name is a trademark that no one has a right to infringe. The majority of a party acting through its authorized and regular organization has a right to define what shall be its principles, its policy, and who shall be its nominees. If individual members are not satisfied with its action in whole or in part, they are at liberty to refuse to support it in the matter in which they dissent from its conclusions or to join the opposition. When they become its opponents, however, they cease to belong to the party, and have no right to claim to be a part of it.

These men who are organizing opposition to the Republican party have a perfect right to do so without any dishonor or discredit to themselves. It is folly to claim that a man is bound by the action of a convention simply because he attended the primaries of the party, or took part in the

deliberations of the Convention as a delegate. Every National Convention is, in some sense, the birth of a new party. Until its work is completed no former member of the party knows what or whom he may be called upon to support. Suppose the Republican party had declared in favor of the doctrine of secession, would any one claim that Mr. Curtis or Mr. Hoar were bound to support the platform simply because they were unable to prevent its adoption? Certainly not. The same is true of a candidate. A man's conviction as to another's character may be so strong that he would consider it as unpatriotic an act to support his nomination as to assent to the most treasonable doctrine. The logic which binds a man to support a candidate simply because he was a member of the body that nominated him, is simply that of moral "bulldozing." There is no code of morals or ethics that can bear the test of reason for a moment. No man has any right to object to the action of these men on any such ground. But they on their part, however, are bound in honor to cut aloof from the party whose policy or action they oppose. To claim to be Republicans still is, in a sense, to sail under false colors. They cannot run with the hare and hold with the hounds. As honorable men, they should renounce their allegiance to one sovereign before taking the oath of fealty to another—they should be off with the old love before they are on with the new. They are, no doubt, good, and honorable, and patriotic men, but they are not Republicans, and have no right to claim to be. They may say, with Mr. Curtis, that "the salvation of Republican principles requires indifference to Republican success." That is fair and honest, and may possibly be true. It might even be true that fidelity to the professed principles of party, or its accepted traditions, should demand the defeat of its candidates. But no man has a right to sail under a party flag, while firing into its accepted, defined, and settled policy. The Republican party have nominated James G. Blaine and John A. Logan. Let those who think they ought not to be elected be as active as they choose in opposition. Let them claim that the party is recreant to the principles on which it was based if they choose, but let them not claim to be of that party. It may give them a sad wrench to leave it, but let them not sully an act of unselfish patriotism by any false pretence.

WE have another objection to the Boston Independent movement and its kindred manifestations elsewhere. It is all head, and apparently has no body or tail. It is a movement that seems to have begun at the top. It may be our misfortune, but we do not believe that a great and successful political revolution can be started in that manner. At present we do not see any popular demand for an organized effort against the Republican nominees and in favor of the Democratic party. There are a great many men who are dissatisfied—far more than we ever saw before; but, as a rule, they do not represent the average Republican voter. They are generally of the class that has tried to rule and govern the Republican party for some years by threats of apostasy and opposition. They are men who think they have a right to dictate the policy and control the action of a party without doing the work essential to party reform. If there is any principle of party organization that is indubitable, it is that a majority have a right to shape its action according to their own ideas of policy and right. The fact that the minority differ with them does not at all render it certain that they are

wrong, and it is no part of their duty to yield their convictions for the sake of success. One of our liberal contemporaries says that "as a candidate, Blaine is just suited to the wishes of probably four-fifths of the party;" and another, which has openly declared its opposition to the ticket, grimly asserts that "it is time the Republican party learned that it cannot elect its candidate without the aid of one-fifth of its voters." It is this tone of dictation, assumed by a faction which openly admits, and even seems to boast, that it is in a minority, that has put the liberal element at odds with the mass of the Republican party, and which seems to be at the bottom of the movement we have been discussing. For this reason it is that there is no popular following of any great weight behind this movement. It does not come out of the cornfields or through the streets seeking advice and a leader. On the contrary, it has its origin in the clubs, and finds its John Baptists in rich men's palaces. Such a movement may make a dangerous cabal, but no great party was ever hatched in a belfry. The movements that sway and flex our national polity come always from beneath. The "mudsill" is always at the bottom of every popular impulse. It may be a misfortune, but it is a fact. No body of men can lead a people by crying out, "The masses are all wrong, and prefer to be wrong, but we are right, and will force them to be right!"

It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Blaine is the choice of a large majority of the Republican party. It is also true that a considerable, intelligent and patriotic minority of those who have hitherto acted with that party think the nomination an unfit one to have been made. They regard him as the representative of bad political methods. They lack confidence in his integrity and statesmanship. It is quite possible that they are right. We are one of those who believed this estimate of the man to be correct, and we so declared without heat or prejudice months before the nominations were made. At the same time, *we do not believe that this one-fifth of the party—this minority, whom in this respect we believed to be right, while we thought the majority were wrong—we do not believe that they have any higher ideal of public virtue or any more exalted patriotism than the majority of the party.*

There is, of course, and always will be, in every faction and party a very considerable element who are moved and instigated by some devil of narrow selfishness—greed, hatred or ambition. Of these unquestionably the Independent faction has its fair share. Self-seekers who see the path before them filled by others, and sore-heads whose merits have not been appreciated by their fellows, naturally gravitate toward them. The majority of all such organizations, however, are honest and patriotic men. The difference lies in their divergence of view in regard to facts. While there are undoubtedly some "heelers" and "workers" of all grades and sizes, who desired Mr. Blaine's nomination simply because they believed him to possess the very elements the Independents attribute to him, yet it is not true that the masses of the Republican party prefer him on this account. The simple fact is that they do not believe him to be a corrupt or unsafe man. If they did he would not have been nominated. Neither is it true that the majority of the Republican party are any more in favor of a corrupt or inefficient civil service than the minority, who aver that the devotion to that idea compels them to give their support to the Democracy. The only difference is, that the majority are not quite so



sure as the minority that the method of reform that has been adopted is the only possible one, or even that it is the best one. If they believed this to be the best way, or only way, to secure an effective and faithful civil service, there would have been no delay about its adoption long before. Even now there are some, as honest men as the country has, who look with grave apprehension upon the system to which the Independents are so inflexibly bound. The claim of a superior moral sense on their part is not only a false one, but it is one that tends, and has tended, to a false view of their relations to the rest of the party. This assumption of peculiar loftiness of tone and exceptional purity of purpose is, perhaps, largely the cause of the lack of an active and earnest popular following back of the present movement. Until it has such following, and has made itself the exponent of the general thought, it can never offer a secure basis for the formation of a new party, which shall give promise of successful control of the national polity. Until that time shall come, the Independent movement, as now organized, can only constitute a recruiting station for the Democratic party. By claiming to be still Republican, it may carry over to the opposition some who would not have the stamina to make so startling a change in their political faith were not some such half-way house provided, where they might for a season air their resolution, and prepare themselves for the final metamorphosis.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- AN AVERAGE MAN. By Robert Grant. 12mo, pp. 300, \$1.50; James R. Osgood & Co.
- MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION AND LADDIE. 16mo, pp. 153, 75 cents; Roberts Bros., Boston.
- EUSTIS. A Novel. By Robert Apthorp Bolt. 12mo, pp. 300, \$1.50; James R. Osgood & Co.
- A MIDSUMMER MADNESS. By Ellen Olney Kirk. 16mo, pp. 395, \$1.25; J. R. Osgood & Co.
- CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO PARIS. Paper, pp. 320, 40 cents; Cassell & Co. (Limited).
- ROUND THE WORLD. By Andrew Carnegie. Small 4to, pp. 360, \$2.50; Charles Scribner's Sons.
- THE LADY AS THE TIGER. And Other Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 201, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons.
- THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO. Sequel to the Wife of Monte Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. Paper, pp. 473, 75 cents; T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- FOOD AND FEEDING. By Sir Henry Thompson. With an Appendix. Third Edition, Enlarged. 16mo, pp. 174, \$1.25; Frederick Warne & Co., London and New York.
- THERE WAS ONCE A MAN. A Story. By R. H. Newell—Orpheus C. Kerr. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 528, \$1.50. Our Continent Library; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.
- OUT-OF-TOWN PLACES: With Hints for their Improvement. By Donald G. Mitchell. A Re-Issue of "Rural Studies." Cloth, 12mo, pp. 295, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons.
- ROME IN AMERICA. By Justin D. Fulton, D.D. With a Sketch of the Author by Rev. S. MacArthur, D.D. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 164, 75 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.
- PROPERTY AND PROGRESS; or, A Brief Inquiry into Contemporary Social Agitation in England. By W. H. Mallock. 12mo, cloth, pp. 248, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
- THE BOOK OF THE BEGINNINGS. A Study of Genesis. With an Introduction to the Pentateuch. By R. Heber Newton, Paper, 16mo, pp. 309, 40 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
- THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. From the Earliest Times to 1948. By M. Guizot and Madame Guizot De Witt. Translated by Robert Black. Profusely Illustrated. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. 495, 40 cents; John B. Alden & Co.
- A PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF INDUCTIVE LESSONS IN LATIN. Based on Material Drawn from Classical Sources, Especially from Caesar's Commentaries. By John Zetlow. 12mo, pp. 340, 90 cents; Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston.
- THE UNITED STATES ART DICTIONARY AND YEAR BOOK. (Second Year.) A Chronicle of Events in the Art World, and a Guide for all interested in the Progress of Art in America. Compiled by S. R. Koehler. 8vo, \$2.00; Cassell & Co. (Limited).



THE delightful little novel "Called Back," by Hugh Conway, has had a phenomenal success, nearly a hundred thousand copies having been sold since its first appearance.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. will publish the American edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's new volume, "Thomas Bewick and His Pupils," and it will be dedicated to Mr. W. J. Linton.

MORE letters are on the way this time from Jane Austen, two hundred or more unpublished ones written by her having been lately found among the effects of her niece, Lady Knatchbull.

MR. CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, whose "Algonquin Legends" will soon appear, has become convinced that they are simply fragments of a national poetical chronicle, as distinct as the Eddas, and thus America also, if this be true, has her epic.

A too intelligent tourist in England has been routed by a canny Yorkshireman, owning a volume of Adam Bede, and outraged at the assertion that it was by a woman. "There was the gentleman's name, for one thing," he said, "and, besides, how could a woman know what the men were thinking of?"

A NEW edition of Professor Seeley's admirable "Expansion of England" is under way, to which will be added a chapter on Egypt and a reply to the criticisms of John Morley and Goldwin Smith. In a recent article the author laments that "history is constantly challenged to become something graver, to become a sort of science, and so cease to be literature; and he thinks that the remedy for this state of things is in the revival of a real genuine love of real genuine prose."

"No novel of the day has had so powerful and immediate an effect as Mr. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." "So strongly was a wealthy young brewer moved to sympathy and belief by the author's vigorous pictures of Angela Messenger and her scheme, that he is now building in the squalid East End a 'Palace of Delight,' which promises to realize the dream of that charming heroine. The young Englishman intends that the 'palace' shall be a source of help and happiness to all the sad inhabitants of that haunt of misery."

THE little volume, "A Rosary of Rhyme," contains some especially graceful and delicate verse, the author, Clarence T. Umy, having something more than the mere command of musically ordered words. It is the grace of gentle, tender feeling, rather than that airy touch to which the ordinary *vers de société* has accustomed us, and though his thought is often confined to a simple quatrain, and there is no long poem which might better indicate his capacity for sustained work, the book is penetrated with a delicacy and purity of sentiment unusual, and very charming. 16mo, pp. 100, \$1.00; San Francisco.

THE fresh and charming work of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb in the *Magazine of American History* has given new life to its pages, and several of the recent articles on "Wall Street in History" have been issued in book form by Funk & Wagnalls, with the illustrations given in their first appearance, the whole forming a delightful story of the locality in all its aspects, new and old. (8vo, pp. 95, \$1.50.) From the same publishers comes another volume in the "Standard Library," "The Clew of the Maze and the Spare Half Hour." By the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, the first part being devoted to some very uncompromis-

ing treatment of modern agnosticism; the second to a description of a journey on the Continent. (12mo, pp. 190, 75 cents.)

If future selections are as admirable as those already embodied in the four little volumes lately issued of "Stories by American Authors," we shall have reason to congratulate ourselves on the undertaking. There are treasures of this sort practically lost to us in the pages of magazine or journal which no ordinary library contains, and to give in compact form old and new favorites commends itself to every reader. Mr. Steckton's "Transferred Ghost" is the initial story of the second volume, while Mr. Bishop's powerful "One of the Thirty Pieces," and Bayard Taylor's "Who Was She?" are the most attractive features of the first, though all are worth preservation in their present form. (4 vols., 16mo., pp. 177, 198, 198, 186; 50 cents each. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

MR. ANDREW LANG has already many friends on this side of the water, and it is certain that the winged words of "Ballades and Verses Vain" have made no "doubtful flight" across "the bleak Atlantic main," but will find home and welcome with many more. It is a lighter muse than that which sang in "Helen of Troy," but the same charm and grace is equally felt, and the delicate, half-jesting strains have here and there a deep underlying pathos. It is only the outward aspects of life and thought that he touches, and fancy, rather than its nobler sister imagination, rules. The poetry of the Troubadours and Trouveres has tinged the work of all the younger schools of English poets, but to the airy, mocking, elusive grace of that earlier day is added the unrest and uncertainty of our own. It is charming verse, but—is it anything more than verse, poetry still being found with the souls living, or passed beyond earthly expression, to whom life has meant more than a jest, a fancy, or a mournful necessity? (16mo, pp. 185, \$1.50; Charles Scribner's Sons.)

At this writing Congress has under advisement a bill which is intended to restore the American merchant marine to something like the relative position in the world's commerce that it held before the war, and which it might have measurably regained years ago but for the indifference of one faction and the hostility of another. The United States Naval Institute selected for its annual competitive essay two years ago, "Our Merchant Marine; The Causes of its Decline, and the Means to be Taken for its Revival." Lieutenant J. D. J. Kelley carried off the prize, and his essay has been published by the Scribners, with additional notes by the author, bringing the consideration of the subject down to date. His proposed remedial measures may be condensed into this: "Free Ships and Sailors' Rights." That is to say, let ships be purchased anywhere and admitted to United States registry, and provide by law for the protection of seamen who are incapable of taking care of themselves. It is to be hoped that this little volume will be the means of enlightening some of our legislators, who now look upon the question of ships with absolute indifference. (The Question of Ships, by Lieutenant J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. N., \$1.25.)

THE bewildered critic who discovers in the preface of each new cook-book that it has grown as the result of the serious inadequacy of all other cook-books, reflects that a score or more have entered the field in the past ten years, and wonders meekly what jury is to determine the actual validity of the separate claims. The fact is that a library of cook-books is now essential, and a library could easily be made up of this branch of literature, the present writer owning forty, of various degrees of merit, and having at one stage of experience read one hundred and forty-three. Some confidence as to power of discrimination and final judgment may, therefore, be reasonably felt, and thus the hearty satisfaction in character and

scope of "Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook-Book: What To Do and What Not to Do in Cooking," may be relied upon as a guarantee of its excellence. Mrs. Lincoln has done notable and most successful work as superintendent of the Boston Cooking School—has piloted pupils of every grade of intelligence through every phase of learning; knows the weak points of every housekeeper, young or old, and from this combination of experiences, has made a book, not only minutely faithful in direction as to receipts, but in suggestions as to quality and nature of ingredients. The chapter on bread is especially comprehensive and valuable. There is an excellent department of sick cookery, and various practical chapters on the care of kitchen utensils, the arrangement of the table, etc., with an "Outline of study for teachers." In short, the volume is a compend of information on every household matter; well arranged, clearly written, and attractively made up. Of the many valuable books on these topics, not one better deserves place, or is more likely to secure and hold it. (12mo, pp. 527, \$2.00; Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

## REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.

**May 21.**—Last month's calendar closed with Wall street seemingly on the verge of a panic. Ferdinand Ward's arrest was the last event chronicled. On the same day the Penn Bank, of Pittsburgh, suspended, after meeting a run of five days.

[See "Financial Crises, Their Causes and Effects," by H. C. Carey; "Wall Street in History," by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. This last is mainly historical, not financial, in its bearing. Articles on commercial panics may be found in the *Fortnightly*, Vol. 25, p. 810; *Lippincott*, Vol. 12, p. 801; *The Nation*, Vol. 17, p. 206, and *Bankers' Magazine*, Vol. 14, p. 497.]

In the House of Commons a bill to amend the Irish Laborers' Act of last year was defeated by a vote of 138 to 75.

[In speaking on this bill Mr. Parnell warned the Government that it must not be surprised if it should encounter a spirit of retaliation. "Does the Government," he asked, "mean to wait until the laborers burn the houses over the heads of dissenting landlords? The laborers have been patient; but it is intolerable that they should continue to live upon mud floors until a commission has investigated their grievances."]

The five hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wycliffe, the reformer, and one of the earliest translators of the Bible, was celebrated at St. Andrew's Church, Blackfriars, London, on the site of the monastery where the Pope's Bull against Wycliffe was read. Meetings and commemorative exercises were also held in the Mansion House and in Exeter Hall.

[See "Life and Times of John Wycliffe," also articles in *The New Englander*, vol. 1, p. 596; *Westminster Review*, vol. 62, p. 143; *British Quarterly Review*, vol. 69, p. 334.]

**May 22.**—There were no more failures, but the market steadily declined.—The Secretary of the Treasury issued a call for the redemption of ten million 3 per cents, maturing June 30th proximo.—The House Committee on Civil Service Reform unanimously reported in favor of a bill introduced by Mr. Long, of Massachusetts, to repeal the Tenure of Office Acts.

[See *Nation*, Vol. 23, p. 605.]

The shore end of the transatlantic wire known as the Bennett-Mackey cable was landed at Rockport, Mass.

**May 23.**—A defalcation was made known to the public in connection with the West Side Bank of this city, the cashier having absconded, leaving a cash shortage of \$95,000.

**May 24.**—A slight rally took place in the Wall street markets.—There was a run on the West Side Bank, which led to its suspension early in the afternoon.

**May 25.**—Mr. James D. Fish, president of the suspended Marine National Bank, was arrested on the affidavit of the Bank Examiner, charging him with "unlawfully misapplying" certain moneys. He was admitted to bail.—Warrants were also out for the apprehension of John C. Eno, late president of the Second National Bank, which was only saved from failure through the prompt action of its directors, in pledging their

personal credit. It was subsequently discovered that Eno had escaped to Canada.

[See Woolsey, Agnell and Vattel on international law. Also *Am. Law Rec.*, Vol. 13, p. 131; *Fraser's Mag.*, Vol. 94, p. 163.]

**May 26.**—It having been alleged that letters were in existence signed by General Grant, and of a character very damaging to him, in connection with the operations of his partner Ward, the General's counsel gave them to the press. One was simply an acknowledgement of his partnership relations. The other was addressed to Mr. Fish, and reads: "In relation to the matter of discount kindly made by you for account of Grant & Ward, I would say that I think the investments are safe, and I am willing that Mr. Ward should derive what profit he can for the firm that the use of my name and influence may bring." Sharp business men, who are familiar with accounts and inimical to General Grant, construe this letter unfavorably, but the preponderance of feeling is to the effect that he was duped, as others were, by Ward.

**May 26.**—It is announced that General Gordon can escape from Khartoum by a safe route at any time, but chooses to remain and wait for the rising of the Nile, when gunboats and a few hundred British troops will quickly disperse the rebels and insure safety for the inhabitants.

[General Gordon's book, "Recollections in Palestine" (Macmillan), Hake's life of "Chinese Gordon" (Worthington); J. B. Hill's "Gordon in Central Africa" (De La Rue & Co.), an essay in *Chesney's Military Biography* and in the *Eclectic* for April.]

After resuming business on the 23d instant the Penn Bank suspended on the alleged plea of the illness of its president, but its affairs are in a very involved condition, and late accounts placed its liabilities at two millions.

**May 28.**—The House of Representatives refused to strike out the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission, but at the same time declined to increase the allowance for its traveling expenses.

**May 29.**—Sir Henry Bartle Edward Frere died in London, aged 61 years.—At Indianapolis the National Greenback Convention made its nominations, viz.: General Benjamin F. Butler for President, and A. M. West of Mississippi for Vice President.

[See *Banker's Magazine*, Vol. 31, p. 173, also Vol. 32, p. 243. *Atlantic*, Vol. 42, p. 321.]

**May 30.**—Memorial Day services were generally observed, the feature of the occasion in this city being a military procession, which was reviewed by the President and Gen. Hancock, while in Brooklyn a similar procession was reviewed by Generals Grant and Sheridan.—London was again startled by explosions of dynamite, which were evidently arranged with something like concert of plan. Almost simultaneously explosions occurred at the Junior Carleton and the Army and Navy Clubs, and at the Scotland Yard Detective Office. Packages of dynamite were also found at the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. Much damage was done to buildings, but few persons were injured, most of those being servant girls in the kitchens of the Clubs and neighboring houses—a class for which Irish patriots should certainly have a fellow-feeling.

**May 31.**—The public debt of the United States was decreased during the month by \$4,763,241.20.—The Right Rev. Bishop Smith of Kentucky, senior and presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, died, aged nearly 90 years.

[Bishop Smith was born in Bristol, R. I., June 13th, 1794, was graduated at Brown University in 1816, and was consecrated as Bishop in 1832.]

**June 1.**—General Mansfield Lovell, late of the Confederate army, and for a time Commander of the Department of the Gulf in that service, died in this city, aged 62 years.—Brevet Maj. General Henry W. Benham of the U. S. Engineers, died in this city.

**June 2.**—Public attention concentrated on the preliminaries of the Republican National Convention at Chicago. The first act of interest, and the only incident of the day, was the selection by the National Committee of Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, as their nominee for temporary chairman.—J. Edward Simmons was elected President of the Stock Exchange, in place of A. S. Hatch, who resigned in consequence of the suspension of his firm.

**June 3.**—Great indignation arose among the Independents at Chicago on the nomination of Powell Clayton, and an opposition nominee was put forward in the person of John R. Lynch (colored), of Mississippi, who was elected, after some debate, by a vote of 431 to 337. This was held to score one point against Blaine, since Clayton had been nominated in his interests.—General O. E. Babcock was drowned while in the discharge of his

duty as light-house inspector, at Mosquito Inlet, on the Florida coast. He was closely identified with General Grant during the latter's terms of office as President. The accident occurred while attempting to land through the surf. Two guests of the General, Messrs. Luckey and Sutton, and several of the boat's crew, also lost their lives.

**June 4.**—A permanent organization of the National Republican Convention was effected, with J. G. Henderson, of Missouri, as permanent chairman. An attempt was made to pledge all the delegates to the support of the nominee of the convention, but this at once developed such a strong opposition that the motion was withdrawn.

**June 5.**—The organization of the Republican Convention was completed, the platform adopted, and in the evening the presentation of candidates took place, continuing until after midnight.

**June 6.**—Balloting began at once on the meeting of the Convention. At the end of the third ballot, Mr. Blaine lacked only thirty-six votes of a majority, and an effort was made to secure an adjournment in the interest of the opposition. This was voted down by a majority so decisive (364 to 450) that the nomination was a foregone conclusion. The fourth ballot was never completed, Mr. Blaine receiving 54+ votes as far as the count was taken, upon which the Convention became uncontrollable, and the nomination was made unanimous. The ballots were as follows in order after each name:

James G. Blaine.....	334½	349	375	544
Chester A. Arthur.....	278	276	274	207
Geo. F. Edmunds.....	93	85	69	41
John A. Logan.....	63½	61	53	7
John Sherman.....	30	28	25	—
Joseph R. Hawley.....	13	13	13	15
Robert T. Lincoln.....	4	4	8	2
W. T. Sherman.....	2	2	2	—

In the evening John A. Logan was nominated by acclamation for the Vice-Presidency.

**June 7.**—The Massachusetts Reform Club inaugurated a Republican "bolt" in Boston by repudiating the Republican nomination.—General James Watson Webb died in this city, aged 82 years.

[He became editor of the New York *Courier* (subsequently the *Courier and Enquirer*), which was an influential Whig journal under his management. In 1861 he was appointed minister to Brazil. He was the author of a book entitled "Altowan; Adventures in the Rocky Mountains" (1846), and of "Slavery and its Tendencies" (1856). Also of sundry political monographs.]

Charles Ferris Hoffman, poet and novelist, died in Harrisburg, Pa., aged 78 years.

[His best known works are "Greysalner" and a collection of poems published under the title of "The Vision of Faith."]

**June 9.**—Ex-Justice Noah Hayes Swayne, of the U. S. Supreme Court, died in this city, aged 80 years.

[Judge Swayne was appointed by President Lincoln in 1862, and served for nineteen years, resigning in 1881.]

Prof. H. G. Vennor, the weather prophet, died.

[By a lucky series of predictions, Mr. Vennor gained the popular ear several years ago, and has published a journal setting forth his views as to meteorology. He has made some successful predictions, but not enough to secure a general acceptance of his theories.]

**June 11.**—Samuel J. Tilden formally declined the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.—The Senate in secret session appropriated \$130,000 to be expended by the President at his discretion, in maintaining the neutrality laws. It is supposed to have relation to concessions for the Nicaragua canal.

**June 12.**—A messenger, believed to be trustworthy, has brought to Lower Egypt news of the alleged surrender of Berber to the forces of El Mahdi. The garrison of 3,500 men is said to have been massacred, the messenger claiming to be one of a very few who escaped.

**June 13.**—The House Commerce Committee decided to report favorably the bill authorizing the purchase abroad of steamers for fast ocean service between Montauk, L. I., and Great Britain, and granting such steamers an American register.—The American Lacrosse team defeated at Belfast by the Irish Lacrosse Union, which is considered the strongest team in the United Kingdom.

**June 17.**—An amendment to the General Deficiency Bill, offered in the House, prohibits the contribution of money for political purposes by clerks, employés, or others in the pay of the Government under penalty of \$5,000 fine, imprisonment for three years, or both.